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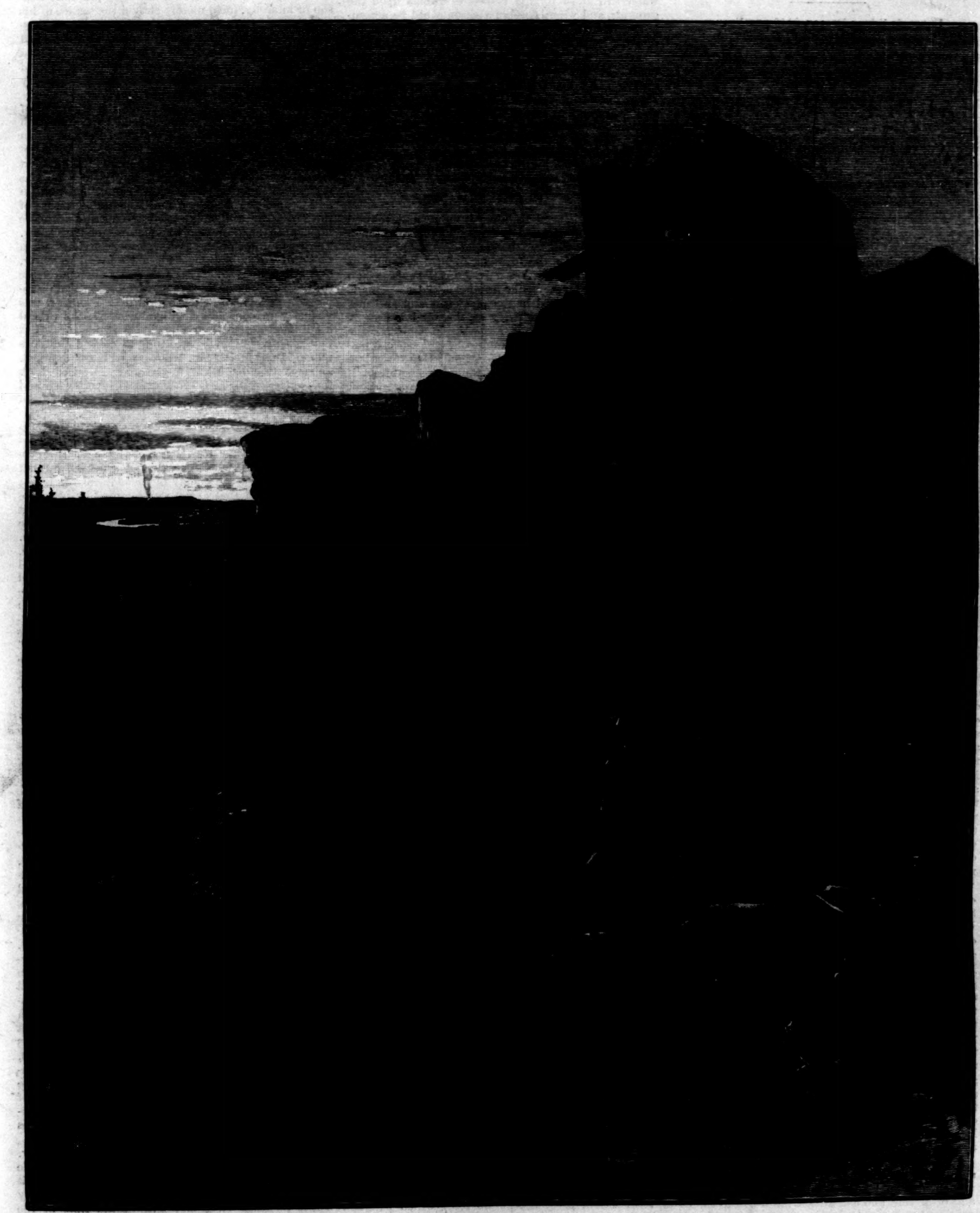

A PICKET POST IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 623.]

"A delight and a treasure in thousands of happy homes."—*Evangelist, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for July 30th contains the eighteenth chapter of the serial story "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE; *a story by* SOPHIE SWETT, *with a full-page illustration by* ALICE BARBER; *and a charming sketch by* S. BAYARD DOD, *entitled "My Friend the Admiral."*

"The Fate of the 'Intrepid,'" by S. G. W. BENJAMIN, *relates a tragic incident of the United States expedition against piracy in the Mediterranean. It is accompanied by a spirited illustration by* J. O. DAVIDSON.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE, *an expert angler, completes his paper on "Bait Fishing," and* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS *has some amusing verses.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892.

THE celebration in New York of the centenary of the establishment of the constitutional government was so imposing and in every way successful that it is not surprising the city should take the initiative for a fitting celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by COLUMBUS. COLUMBUS, indeed, was not the first European to see the mainland of the continent; for whatever may be true of the Northmen, JOHN CABOT saw the continent in 1497, and COLUMBUS not until the next year. But it was his earlier voyages which led to the expedition of CABOT, and his renown is unchallenged. There can be hardly a question that New York is the suitable place for the great fair which will commemorate the event, not because there are not other great cities in the country, but because New York is the chief city, the great mart of commerce and seat of manufactures, with unequalled facilities of transport and accommodation. The centenary of the Declaration of Independence in 1876 was naturally commemorated by the Exhibition at Philadelphia, where the Declaration was adopted, as that of last April in New York, where the government was inaugurated. The chief scene of the event of 1892, which is designed to commemorate the material growth and prosperity of America, should be the great city, which is itself one of the most imposing monuments of that progress, and already the fourth city in the world.

At the invitation of the Mayor, New York has taken the initiative in the enterprise, and nowhere has its action been more sincerely applauded than in Philadelphia, which proved in 1876 its ability to direct one of the most interesting, extensive, and successful of such exhibitions. The event now contemplated will appeal less to the distinctive national sentiment than the centenary of the Declaration, but the universal interest of the country in the event and local spirit and pride and energy will unquestionably assure a triumphant result. The question has been raised whether such a celebration should be placed under the control of the national government. Undoubtedly, to insure the hearty interest and co-operation of other countries, the Exposition must have a certain national aspect. As Mr. CALVERT VAUX remarks: "To get commissioners and exhibits from foreign countries, representations must be made through the Secretary of State and through the Ministers of the United States in those countries. They will send commissioners and exhibits to a United States exposition, while they could not send them to a purely New York exposition....The co-operation of Congress should be early enlisted." Hitherto such occasions elsewhere have been largely demonstrations of the government. But republican America, which is the significant and historic America, symbolizes individual liberty and energy. The great achievements which the Exposition will commemorate have been triumphs of private enterprise accomplished under a government which is founded upon personal right and individual freedom. It is becoming, therefore, that the celebration itself, however magnificent and comprehensive, should illustrate the same spirit. Private sagacity and skill and liberality should take the lead.

New York will also naturally desire to prove what she did not prove thirty-five or thirty-six years ago, that she can hold a World's Fair worthy of America and of herself, and can attract the world to the new continent as Paris is now drawing it to the old. But it is not to be disguised that the work which is indispensable to success in such an undertaking is enormous. Again we quote the words of Mr. VAUX in an interview with the *Sun* as worthy of careful consideration. After suggesting that the Mayor should take the course which he has taken, Mr. VAUX says:

> "After a conference to find out what citizens will give their time and money to starting the Exposition, it should be pressed on the municipality by representative citizens. The responsibility of getting it up should not be left to rest on the Mayor alone. An exposition cannot be started by a fiat. To do anything there must be a thorough co-operation between the municipality and the representative citizens."

We may add that Mr. VAUX is of opinion that the Exposition should be maritime. New York should avail herself of her unrivalled water facilities, and the buildings should be erected upon the shore where the water will allow foreign vessels to unload upon the grounds, and where foreign visitors could be accommodated in the steamers which bring them across the ocean. Mr. VAUX apparently favors Port Morris as a suitable site. Pelham Bay would be a perfect site, but it is too far. Central Park is unsuitable for many reasons. Mr. VAUX is an authority of great weight. He was named in the bill which passed Congress several years ago as one of the commission to do the preliminary work for an international exposition this year. He has studied the subject very carefully, and he is of opinion that a water site is altogether preferable.

A TEST OF STATESMANSHIP.

IN saying that "there are yet many undeveloped points at which national authority may have to touch the individual States," the Indianapolis *Journal* expresses guardedly the feeling of many Republicans that the paramount public question is the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States. This is constantly presented in the platforms and speeches of the administration party as the vital issue. A year ago last winter, in a speech in Chicago, the President, then General HARRISON, laid especial emphasis upon it. Senators HOAR and CHANDLER are known to regard it as one of the gravest subjects, if not the gravest, which can absorb public attention. The party which takes this view of it is now in control of every branch of the government, and such articles as that in the Indianapolis *Journal* from which we quote indicate a strong undercurrent of feeling in the party. What, then, will it do? What policy or measure will it propose which shall remedy a great and acknowledged evil? The only practical suggestion yet made is that of Mr. CHANDLER, that Congress shall take charge of Congressional elections in the States.

But it has not been shown, indeed the attempt has not been made to show, that this would remedy the evil, because it cannot be shown that it would change the situation from which the evil springs. If it were provided that every colored voter should be escorted to the polls by a United States soldier, and told by him where to deposit his vote, it is wholly improbable that a considerable number of such voters would avail themselves of the protection, because they would know that they would be made to suffer for it in ways which United States soldiers could not prevent. The Constitution undoubtedly authorizes Congress to make regulations for holding such elections. But the exercise of the authority is a question of expediency. Will it lessen or increase the evil? is the true inquiry. If the exercise of an undoubted authority in order to redress an unquestionable wrong will plainly aggravate the situation, is its exercise wise or humane? That is the real question for those who consider the removal of the wrong, and not the advantage that may result to a party from agitating its removal. If the national regulation and control of Congressional elections in the States, a course which would reverse the policy of the government hitherto, would make the lot of the colored citizens in certain districts harder, no honest Republican certainly would advocate it.

If such a Republican should ask whether it is not our duty to do all that we can to remedy the wrong, the answer would be that undoubtedly it is. But the manner still remains to be decided, and it is at least a question whether under the Constitution and the decisions of the Supreme Court there is any direct effective remedy for the wrong complained of. The attempts to promote temperance by prohibitive laws signally illustrate the truth that reformatory legislation to be efficient must represent the average opinion and feeling of the community. This is as true of election laws as of other laws. The subject, however, is of such importance, and the position upon it of the party which controls the government is so pronounced, that the course of Congress will be carefully watched. Republican leaders who profess to consider it the chief question before the country cannot remain passive. It is, in any view, a question of the highest interest, which demands for its wise treatment something very different from hatred of Confederate brigadiers and mere party spirit. The administration party accepts an issue which will test to the utmost its practical statesmanship.

PARNELLISM AND CRIME.

THE PARNELL Commission will probably have adjourned, or have reached the end of its sessions, when this paper is issued. Its organization is an incident of great significance in English annals, because it has been substantially a judicial inquiry into the nature and justification of the Irish movement, when for the first time it has become an issue in English politics. The chief of living English statesmen, and the leader of the party which has succeeded the Whig party in England, has adopted the Irish agitation of to-day as his own party policy. The Irish leader, whose leadership promises to be more successful than that of FLOOD, GRATTAN, or O'CONNELL, is received in Edinburgh with the highest honors, while the proceedings of the tribunal organized in the expectation, if not the hope, of convicting him either of practical treason or anarchy, have merely shown the malice of his enemies and commended him to the respect of England. The worst thing proved against him is proved by his own admission that he deliberately deceived the House of Commons. But even this confession of his own falsehood has not served to establish perjury in any of his statements to the Commission.

When the evidence is closed and the argument of the Attorney-General is concluded, the Commission will not sit again, and will report to Parliament in February. Whatever its report may be—and it is not supposed that it will be friendly to Mr. PARNELL—it cannot convict him of the crimes of which he was accused in the articles in the *Times* on "Parnellism and Crime." The sudden and lamentable failure of the *Times's* assault adds a very striking and dramatic incident to the interesting and picturesque Irish story. The real author of the *Times's* case, convicted upon the cross-examination, fled, a confessed perjurer, and killed himself. That was really the end of the trial. The basis of the *Times's* accusation had disappeared. The man who told it, that PARNELL was virtually in conspiracy with murderers, has owned his lie and sealed the confession with his life. But that nothing might be wanting to clear PARNELL's name, MICHAEL DAVITT, whose word is not doubted, affirmed that he, DAVITT, personally, desired Irish independence, but that if PARNELL's policy should prevail the movement for separatism would be at an end.

The great and important charges against Mr. PARNELL are thus conclusively refuted. He is left a constitutional agitator for reform in Ireland. His proposals are to be considered upon their merits, and not as the threats of an enemy of the empire. It is not to be expected that every step adopted by his associates will be found wise or just. But it appears that some of the most questionable of them, especially the plan of campaign, have been disapproved by him. Whatever the report of the Commission may be, therefore, it is already clear that its proceedings will be serviceable to the Irish cause. They will dispel the apprehension that Mr. PARNELL aims at a dissolution of the British Empire, and enable the English mind to comprehend that he proposes only to reconstruct the Union with Irish consent and upon more equitable terms. It is hard to suppose that intelligent Englishmen do not wish to put an end to the unhappy relations with Ireland, or that they do not see that no *modus vivendi* can be satisfactory which does not consult Irish wishes. This is the conclusion which Mr. GLADSTONE reached, after great practical acquaintance with the situation, and it is the one which, upon historical principles, is the most reasonable.

THE "BOODLE" TRIALS.

THE acquittal of MCQUADE is probably the end of the "boodle" trials, and the result is not one upon which this community can congratulate itself. The testimony leaves no reasonable doubt that the Aldermen were bribed, but the whole machinery of law, after several trials, fails to secure justice. The failure seems to have been generally expected, and was received with languid indifference. The whole transaction, however, is very important and significant. It shows not only how far the evil of the direct use of money to affect legislation has extended, but, what is worse, the public expectation and toleration of it. The assertion three or four years ago that the election of Senator PAYNE from Ohio had been procured by money was apparently so well sustained that it was startling. But the disclosures in regard to DUDLEY's "floaters in blocks of five" at the last Presidential election, and the large sums "fried out" of proprietors to protect their interests, actually threw suspicion upon the validity of the result. Republicans who are justly concerned at the suppression of the colored vote in certain districts of the Southern States should with equal reason concede that voting corrupted voters in blocks of five is no less a deadly injury to our institutions.

Pecuniary corruption at elections is not new. Many years ago, when great manufacturers in Rhode Island took an active personal interest in politics, it was well known that their money was corruptly spent to affect elections; and in the time of the younger SPRAGUE the market for votes in that State was almost as open as in England under George the Third. The party machine which is built upon bribery in the form of patronage was never more effective and absolute than in the same State. Corruption was evidently general, acknowledged, and half condoned when a Vice-President of the United States could allude at a public dinner and in a bantering strain to success at the polls achieved by the liberal use of money. This is a much more serious sign of the political times than the suppression of the colored vote. The sordid corruption of the popular vote by money is as alarming a symptom of our condition as can be imagined, because it is a loss of moral honor.

There are many reasons to be mentioned in explanation of this situation, but the chief and prolific source of the corrupt use of money at elections and of the numbness of the public mind in regard to it is the prostitution of the official patronage of the government into a huge fund to pay for services which are the simple duty of every good citizen. When a President turns out an honest and efficient public servant in order to lay hands upon his salary to reward a man, not because he is especially fit, but because he worked hard to secure his benefactor the Presidency, he teaches that money is to be justly expected for doing a political duty. If Jacob Sharp had reasoned, he would have said that if a man might properly bestow the public money upon his relations, or use it to reward other men who had done him a service, it could not be very wrong for him, Sharp, to reward with his own money a man who was willing for that consideration to do him a service. If it is proper that great manufacturers to advance their interests should contribute large sums of money to buy votes—for that is what they know they are doing—how is Jacob Sharp a sinner for promoting his own interests in the same way? It is not surprising that if we justify bribery in one way we should condone it in another. But it is manifestly unjust that McQuade should go free, and Jaehne and O'Neil lie in prison.

REPUBLICANISM IN VIRGINIA.

Republicanism is to be introduced into Virginia under the auspices of Mr. Quay, chairman of the National Committee, whom the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have described as a gentleman whose conduct puts his party upon the defensive, Mr. Clarkson, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who is treating the post-offices as mere party spoils, and Mr. Dudley, whose letter advising that voters should be voted in blocks of five, has not yet been disclaimed. The executive Republican agent of these gentlemen is General Mahone, a gentleman belonging to a class against which these gentlemen warn the country as "Confederate brigadiers," who must be kept out of the saddle at all costs. General Mahone's political career is also more familiar than reputable.

These gentlemen represent political corruption in its two most common forms, bribery by patronage and bribery by purchase. In speaking of Sir Robert Walpole, Carlyle says that the latter is the franker and the other the deadlier form. In 1856, when Mr. Underwood carried Republicanism into Virginia, it was of a different kind from that of Messrs. Quay, Mahone, Clarkson, and Dudley. It asserted certain great and fundamental principles, and appealed to the conscience and the common-sense of the people. It had little response in Virginia, but no Republican was ashamed of the appeal.

There are plenty of Republicans to-day who hold the same principles, and who desire only honest methods of government. But they would not say that Messrs. Quay, Clarkson, and Dudley are known representatives or advocates of those principles, or that they think Mr. Clarkson is carrying out the Republican platform in despoiling post-offices, or Mr. Dudley enforcing an honest ballot by marshalling blocks of five. Such Republicans could not allege that these gentlemen are merely individuals, and that delinquents will be found in every party, because they are the chosen and accepted official agents of the party. Neither can they declare in general that parties are essential in a republic, and that men of robust and masculine minds always attach themselves to parties, because robust and masculine minds are always opposed to bribery of every kind, and aim at honest government by honest means.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The better sentiment of South Carolina evidently responds to the amazement of the rest of the country at the McDow verdict. It is disavowed by many of the leading papers, by the pulpit, and by many citizens, and it is represented as an exceptional incident significant only of a feeling of race. This explanation, however, is very significant of a bitterness of race feeling which is sometimes denied. The colored people are described as seeing in Colonel Dawson not the defender of a friendless girl against the worst of personal wrongs, but merely the deviser of some of the ingenious methods by which colored citizens are deprived of political rights.

If this be true, it is plain that they are strongly attached to those rights and warmly resent the deprivation of them, and the incident forcibly illustrates the social situation. The South Carolina Medical Society at a special meeting has expelled Dr. McDow, alleging that by his own confession he has been proved guilty of immoral, unprofessional, and ungentlemanly conduct, and after due notification had failed to appear and explain. This is the ban that should be pronounced by all honorable men. But it is certainly a startling fact, if we may believe abundant assertion, that half of the population of South Carolina do not recognize McDow's confessed conduct as criminal, and gladly disregard oaths and evidence and law in order to show satisfaction in the death of an opponent.

A single murderer is of small account. But such a social condition is of the utmost importance. Despite the disclaimers from South Carolina of any general light feeling in regard to taking life, some letters which have been published reveal a singular state of mind. One correspondent, who signs himself "A Southern Parson," justifies murder or "lynching" as a penalty for the accomplishment of McDow's contemplated offence, not, however, for McDow, but for colored offenders of the same kind, on the ground that practically they are barbarians. We do not argue the question. It is enough to state the fact to show that there is a Southern question of the very gravest character which is not to be answered by ignoring it, or by alleging that it is none of our business.

DOWNING PARK.

The Common Council of Newburgh have unanimously decided to call the park in that city Downing Park, and Messrs. Vaux & Olmsted, the former of whom was a pupil of A. J. Downing, have very generously offered to furnish plans and designs for the work. This action is very honorable to the authorities of Newburgh, and shows a fine sense of fitness. For whatever valid reasons might have been urged for the selection of another name, the fact that the earliest recognized authority upon landscape gardening in this country was a native and resident of Newburgh, and that his brother, also a native and resident, was an eminent horticulturist, was conclusive.

We can easily understand, however, that there may have been a strong pressure of many applicants for the honor; and the Common Council is the more to be congratulated that, after full and fair deliberation, it reached with unanimity a decision which will be universally accepted as the best. No man in the country did more to stimulate and educate the taste for rural art than Downing, and his works are still valuable manuals. His interest and enthusiasm in the pursuit were constant and inspiring, and the respect paid by his native city to his memory and his work is honorable to both.

The interest and value of the park will be greatly enhanced by the co-operation of the distinguished artists whose regard for Downing has led them to offer their aid. This is an act which secures to the park the benefit of the best skill, and Newburgh will have the satisfaction of possessing in her pleasure-ground not only a memorial of her distinguished son, but a work of his most eminent successors in the same noble and beautiful art. It will be truly a labor of love.

BRITISH ROYAL GRANTS.

The debate in Parliament on the committee report recommending the addition of $180,000 to the annual allowance paid to the Prince of Wales, and maintaining that the Queen has the right to ask for public provision for her grandchildren, brings the matter of royal grants prominently to the attention of the British tax-payer. The immediate causes of the agitation of the subject are the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales and the proposition that Prince Albert Victor, now twenty-five years old, should have an establishment of his own. It is represented that if the Prince of Wales is to be looked to for the appropriate support of his grown sons and daughters, he should be supplied with the funds needed to furnish it.

According to Mr. Labouchere, royalty is a luxury which the United Kingdom indulges in at an unnecessary yearly expense of $3,500,000. The Queen has a direct annual grant of $1,925,000, and a large sum from the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which in 1887 amounted to $250,000. She has the income from a great private fortune besides. The Prince of Wales draws $200,000 from the Treasury, and more than that from the Duchy of Cornwall. From the latter source in 1887 some $300,000 was paid to him. His wife receives from the government $50,000—the salary of the President of the United States. The Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is paid $125,000; and her third son, the Duke of Connaught, a similar annuity. The widow of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, has a stipend of $30,000. The Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria, who afterward became Empress of Germany, was granted on her marriage $40,000 a year. Her other daughters, the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, draw $30,000 each. An aggregate of $250,000 more is annually paid to relatives of the Queen outside of her immediate family.

It is evident from the opposition made to the last grant, which was to the Princess Beatrice on her marriage to Henry of Battenberg, and from the character of the present discussion, that this species of governmental liberality is coming to an end.

PERSONAL.

Colonel North, who not so many years ago was a machinist in the north of England, but is now known as "the Chilian nitrate king," pays the Chilian government $1,725,000 a year in export duties on nitrate of soda produced at one of his works. He is building a magnificent country-seat near London, England.

—Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of this city, whose engagement to Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, the younger brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has been announced by cable, is only twenty-one years old, but is a fine classical scholar and a clever linguist. She studied Sanscrit under Professor Whiting, of Yale College, and has published a book of poems. A large fortune in her own right has enabled her to fully gratify her taste for study and travel.

—The late S. L. M. Barlow left an estate of about $2,000,000, largely accumulated in his law practice.

—The greatest land-owner in this State, George Clarke, died recently at Richfield Springs, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He inherited a large landed property, much of which had descended from his great-grandfather, who, as colonial Governor of New York in 1740, had received a crown grant of about sixty thousand acres of land in Otsego, Montgomery, Oneida, Greene, and Dutchess counties, and it was his ruling passion to acquire real estate. At one time he owned over fifty thousand acres, but the unbridled gratification of his whim led him to financial disaster, and when he died his affairs were badly involved. Mr. Clarke always dressed in a faded overcoat and ragged clothing, and prided himself on his shabby appearance, but his under-clothing was of the finest silk.

—Harvard College conferred an LL.D. on President Patton, of Princeton College, at her last Commencement, but by some oversight the fact was not made public at the time.

—Lord Fife, the Scottish nobleman who is to marry the Princess Louise of Wales, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, has a rent roll of from $300,000 to $400,000 a year, and has also $2,000,000 invested in a London banking firm. He is a popular landlord, and possesses plenty of common-sense. He sees no reason why the people should be taxed for the support of his wife, and offered to settle on her a sum the interest of which would equal any grant Parliament would make, but for some reason his offer was not accepted.

—Lord Salisbury keeps about seventy in-door servants, the best paid of whom, the house steward, receives only $1000. His butler commands $750, and his two French cooks only $500 each. He also has at Hatfield, his London residence, a head-gardener with twenty-five assistants, and a forester who has twenty men under him. In all, the Marquis's yearly expenditure is about $400,000.

—Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, who has just resigned the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, is one of the most prominent of the ministers of his denomination, and a commanding figure among the general body of clergymen in this city. He was born in Yorkshire in 1819, began preaching at sixteen, and came to this country as a Methodist in 1838. Ten years later he became pastor of the Norfolk Street Baptist Church, and remained with it when, in 1859, it was moved to its present site on Fifth Avenue.

—John H. Hewitt, of Baltimore, Maryland, who is known as "the father of the American ballad," and has composed over two hundred songs, recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. He has lived in Baltimore for over sixty years, and the oratorio *Jephthah's Daughter* is his most ambitious production.

—A nephew of the poet Browning, Francis Browning Owen, who has practised law in Detroit for some time, but has been prevented from meeting success by his love for liquor, has finally been converted, and has turned evangelist. He is said to be a writer of creditable verse.

—The Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, will soon leave Austria, as there is now no longer a possibility of the birth of a posthumous heir to the throne. The Emperor Francis Joseph has made a splendid provision for her.

—A life nearly one hundred and twenty-one years long gives Nazy Ferencz, of Barcs, Hungary, a very fair claim to being the oldest man in the world. He attended the funeral of Queen Maria Theresa, one hundred and nine years ago, and has quite vivid recollections of the occasion. For twenty years he fought in the Austrian army, and at different times saw Napoleon, Blücher, and other great generals of the day.

—Andrew Jackson Coffee, of San Francisco, is a nephew of the hero of New Orleans, and owns his sword and a number of other interesting family relics.

—Charlotte Stark, a granddaughter of General John Stark, of Revolutionary fame, and a lady of the old school, the fame of whose hospitality has extended far beyond the borders of her State, has recently died at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, at the ripe age of eighty-nine.

—George Loring Brown, a well-known landscape painter, died recently at his home in Malden, Massachusetts, at the age of seventy-five years. Among his best known pictures is "The Bay of New York," which was presented to the Prince of Wales by a number of New York men as a memento of his visit to this country.

—Governor Ladd, of Rhode Island, is to give Brown University an observatory as a memorial to his wife. The building will cost from $25,000 to $30,000, and will be equipped with the best of modern instruments.

—The deaths of Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Tyler narrow the circle of former ladies of the White House to six. They are Mrs. James K. Polk, Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. McElroy, and Mrs. Cleveland.

—Senators Cameron and Butler, unlike in almost all their characteristics, are the David and Jonathan of the United States Senate. The Pennsylvanian is a Republican, a man of the people, plain in manners, and very rich, while the South-Carolinian is a Democrat, blue-blooded, of elegant breeding, and broken in fortune. Yet the two men are almost inseparable.

—The substitution of a handsome two-cent stamp for the present aquamarine apparition of the Post-office Department will be one of the most popular acts of Mr. Wanamaker's administration. The new stamp will be either carmine or metallic red in color, and it may be made smaller than the one now in use, both for economy and convenience.

—The new librarian of Columbia College, Professor George Hall Baker, was graduated from Amherst College in 1874, and afterward studied in Germany. He is only thirty-nine years old, but has been a successful and persistent student of bibliography, and has been associated with the Columbia Library since 1883.

—Captain Frederick Watkins, the commodore of the Inman Line fleet, and now commander of the ocean racer the *City of Paris*, is fifty-one years old. He has commanded Inman steamers for the past twenty years. He was the son of a British army officer, but went to sea when thirteen years old, and had become an officer at twenty-two.

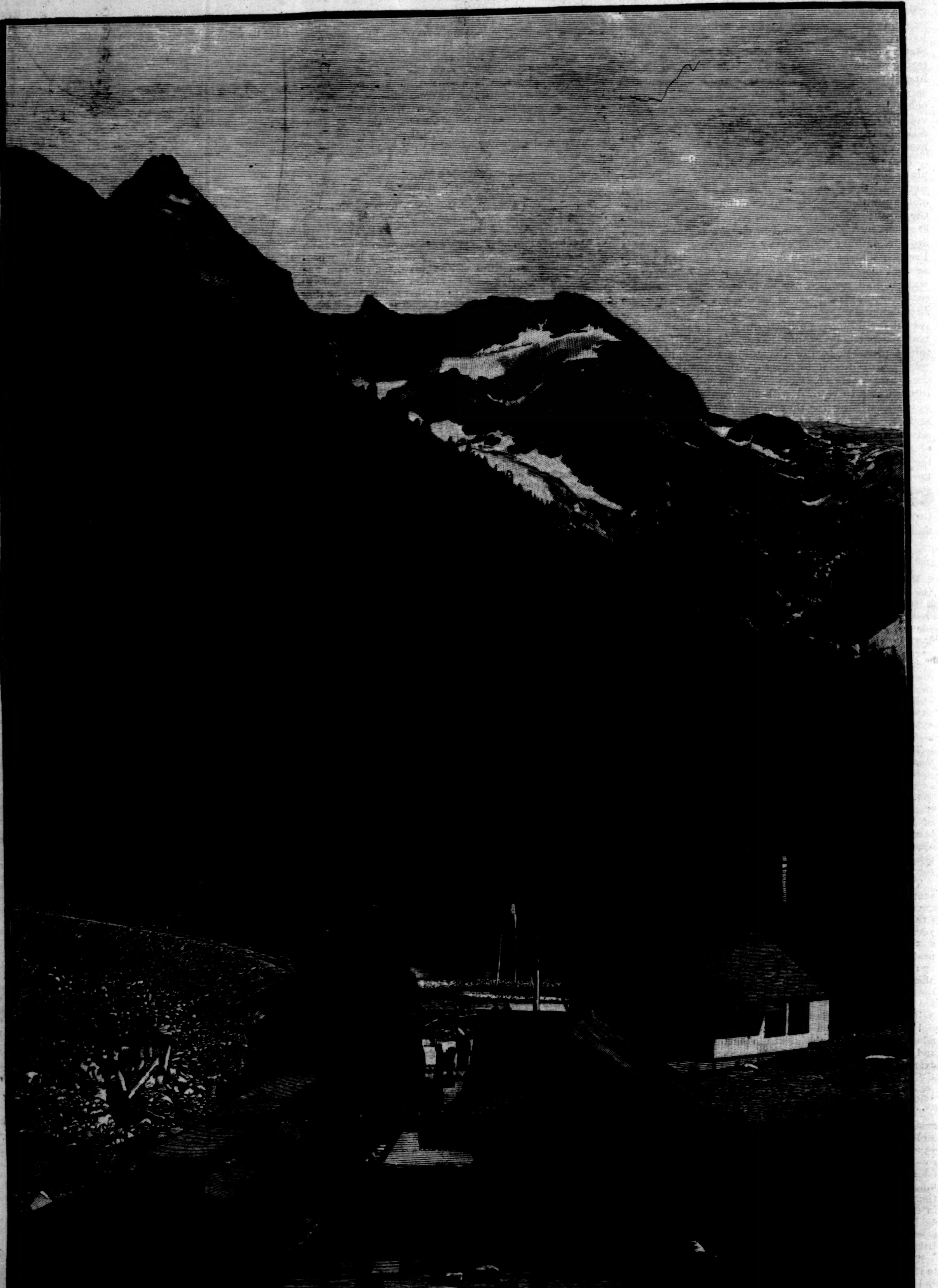
—Adolf Sutro, who is to give San Francisco a great public library building and partly fill it with two hundred thousand volumes of his own, is now travelling in Europe gathering plans and ideas for his project.

—In the quiet life which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe leads at her home in Hartford she is greatly entertained by five pets—two pugs and three cats, Bosco, a big tortoise-shell puss, being her special favorite.

—A curious story is told of how Chief-Justice Fuller and his family were driven from the Congregational to the Episcopal fold by a dance when they lived in Augusta, Maine. In 1840, when Nathan Weston, Mr. Fuller's father-in-law, was Chief-Justice of Maine, a young ladies' sewing circle was held at the Weston house, and Mrs. Fuller played the piano for the dancing that followed the sewing, her brother accompanying her on a violin. This ungodly innovation stirred up such a rumpus in the Congregational church that the Weston and Fuller families went over to the Episcopalians.

—General William Seward lives at the Seward homestead in Auburn, New York, and uses the desk at which his father, Secretary Seward, wrote many of his speeches. The library is filled with many mementos of the statesman.

—A jilting which Zebulon Hancox, of Stonington, Connecticut, received many years ago made him a miser and a recluse. Ever since then he has lived alone in a hut, wearing outlandish clothing, and gaining his living by fishing. One of his peculiarities is to never buy anything that he can make, and the buttons on his clothes, the spear with which he catches eels, and the scales on which the fish are weighed are of his own manufacture. At the age of seventy-nine he has solved the problem of living on $20 a year, and has $10,000 in the bank, while he has built nine good houses, which he rents.



MOUNT SIR DONALD STATION AND HOTEL AT THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 617.]

THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

THE United States can boast of glaciers only in the loftiest and most northerly peaks of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. In the Rocky Mountains there is not a living glacier south of the very lofty Wind River peaks, and those, with the few other ice accumulations in northwestern Montana, are almost inaccessible, and of small account in any way.

The Rocky Mountains and Cascades of British Columbia, however, abound in these frozen rivers, which occupy almost every gorge among the higher summits.

Across the wildest part of these exceedingly rugged mountains the Canadian transcontinental railroad has been built with daring skill, and the traveller upon it has a fine chance to see ice and snow in its most Alpine form—nowhere better than in crossing the Selkirks, the innermost of the British Columbian ranges, which occurs at a place about 250 miles north of Spokan Falls, Idaho.

Here, as the narrow pass opens westward, the passenger sees ahead of him a vast pit filled with woods and shut in by stupendous mountains. It is the gorge of the Illecillewaet River, and far below can be traced the railway ingeniously descending into the valley by a series of extraordinary curves and trestle bridges.

The train clings to the southern wall of the pass, and swinging to the left, stops shortly at the station and hotel called Glacier, which form the foreground of the larger illustration, and which stand at the very foot of the "Great Glacier of the Selkirks." This station stands on the western side of the ravine of Glacier Creek. The noble peak beyond overshadowing the glacier (only the edge of which appears in the margin of the wood-cut at the right) is Sir Donald, whose apex is a mile and a quarter in vertical height above the hotel lawn, and has never yet been scaled. One of its subordinate knobs on this side, long known as Eagle Peak, peeps over the steep wooded crag-face in front of the station, down whose verdant face hangs a scarf-like cataract, falling a thousand feet through the trees, with romantic beauty.

Looking down the gorge, one gathers at a glance the whole black, bristling wall of the Hermit Range (shown in the smaller illustration), accented and outlined by the masses and threads of snow borne along its crest or caught in its crevices, which swings from the pass westward to where the huge buttresses of Ross Peak cut off the view.

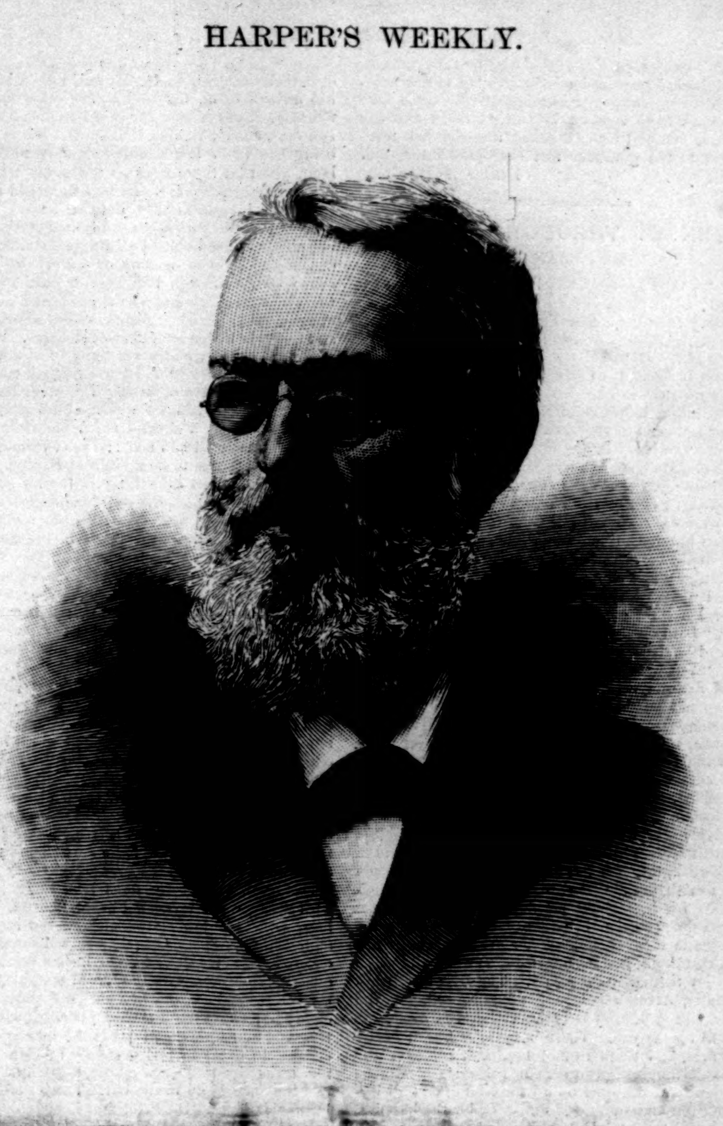
The great glacier itself, which completely fills the head of the ravine, is hidden from view by the forest, but an excellent path, less than a mile long, leads to it, so that even ladies and children may reach or even go upon the ice without any difficulty. A quarter of a mile above the hotel the path emerges from the woods upon the creek, just where it receives its "West Branch." This branch, like the main stream, flows from a glacier, which by-and-by becomes visible, and their combined currents, greenish white with the milky washings from beneath the ice, cataract over bowlders whose grinding, sliding, and destruction are always audible, and sometimes produce muffled detonations somewhat startling to the unsophisticated. The channel is bordered by masses of fallen and rounded rocks, plastered over with lichens and mosses, and overhung by the lean arms of the forest trees, stretched out in an appeal for more sunshine.

The path follows the main stream over a huge pile of marble-like rocks and battered logs which have been hurled down the mountain by some earth-quaking land-slide long ago, until we come to a second rustic bridge. Here a covered seat has been made where one can rest. Facing you is Sir Donald's stately monolith, attenuated to a blade-shaped apex, something like a ploughshare upturned to furrow the blue prairie of the sky. The face of the summit is an almost sheer precipice of purple rock, forming a triangular, richly colored pyramid—a superb prism shooting its slender apex far above all its royal mates, and cleaving clouds that have swept unscathed over their heads.

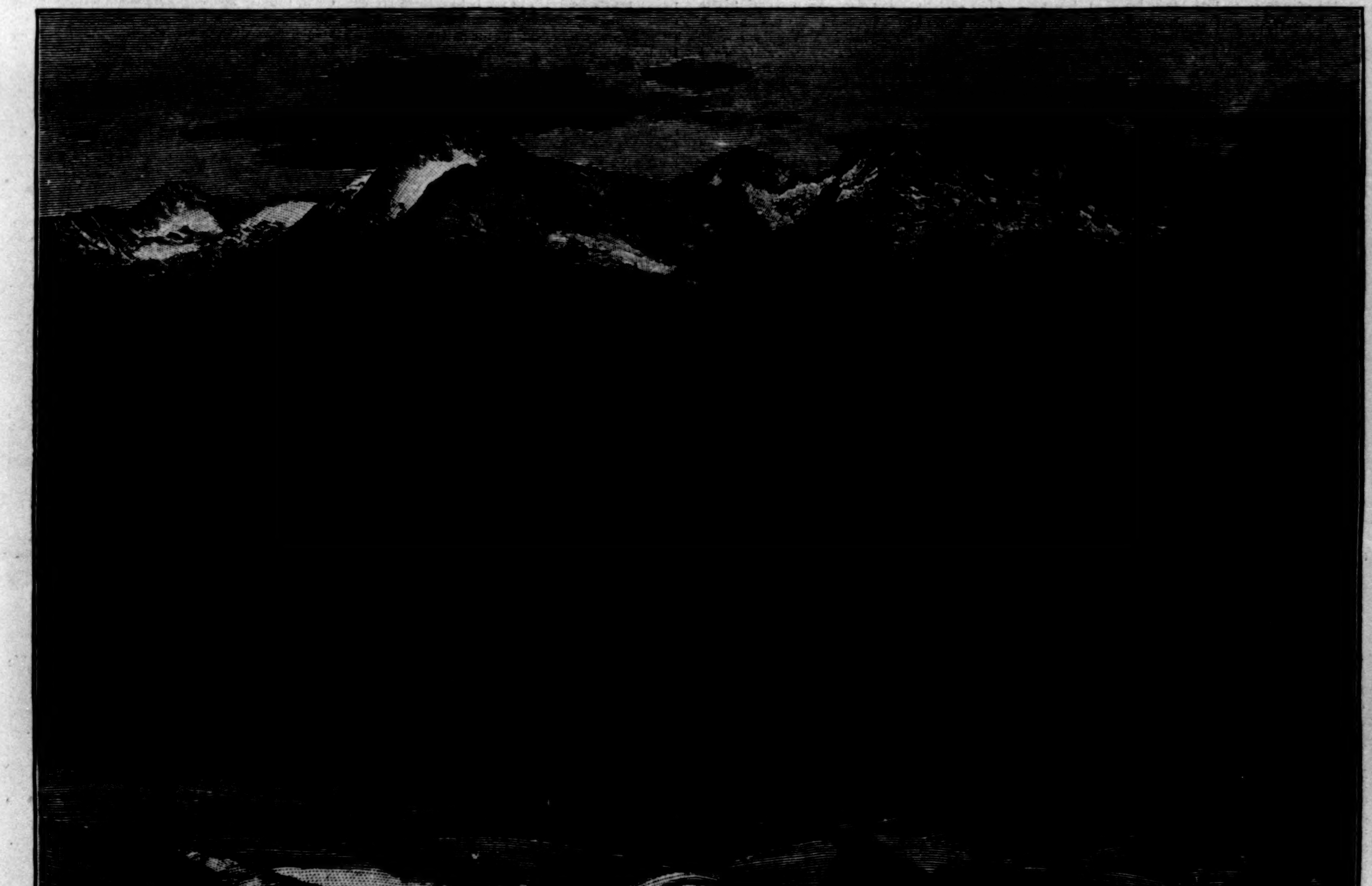
Two or three subsidiary summits, rising far above the timber, cluster about and support it, dropping by immensely long slopes straight to the very creek bank, as is well shown in the larger picture on page 616. From the farther edge of the peak a huge wing will be noticed curving around toward a lesser peak, whose naked crags fence in the glacier on that side. These massive projections half environ a hollow, into which all winter long the peak sheds its burdens of snow, to be garnered and impacted by the gales. This snow never wholly melts; even in late summer broad banks lie there under the lee of the mighty wall, and below them lurks a small glacier just visible above the trees, and surrounded by an utter desert of rocky débris, through which innumerable thread-like cataracts wriggle downward, joining and parting like a tangled skein of silk.

Crossing the bridge, we follow the path up the farther bank of the stream through beautiful woods of spruce, hemlock, and cedar, where the moss lies many inches thick, and where in sunny places a variety of pretty shrubs and flowering herbs relieves the sombreness of the evergreen foliage.

I have lingered over these surroundings be-



THE LATE JOHN P. MORTON, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 619.]



FROM THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, LOOKING DOWN THE ILLECILLEWAET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.

cause it is in them that the visitor finds the charm of this attractive spot; for here, unlike the glaciers of Switzerland, which tourists go so far to see, and find only among the naked crags above timber line, the ice descends right into the woods.

Saddenly you come out face to face with it—a gigantic hill-side of rough ice, hundreds of feet thick, ending far down here in the forest in a rounded forefoot, from whose crumbling margin gurgle many rivulets of milky water. From this forefoot the ice sweeps upward in a steep, hollow slope between two and three miles in length, to where it pours over the precipice that sustains it. The glacier is much broader up there, for its shape is that of a saddle flap; and the edges of the fractured ice, which refuses to bend smoothly over the brink, show as jagged against the sky as the flying scud on a line of surf. The whole crest is gashed and splintered into innumerable and shapeless fragments, but below, where the slope is easier, the surface of the glacier flows in billowy lines with soft gradations of shadow and tint, heaped up somewhat at the sides, and hollow down the middle in conformation to the trough of the gulch. All the ribbings and longitudinal furrows, where rivulets sparkle, can easily be discerned from this point five hundred yards away; and all the curving cross-crevasses that show how by successive partings—the front falling away a little and the rear pressing on again—this ice-river flows downward.

The forefoot is wonderfully wrinkled and reticulated with crevasses, while at several points along the base caves appear, from whose roofs on warm days ponderous flakes are continually falling with an echoing crash into the streams that carry their melted crystals away.

From a distance the glacier looks grayish white in summer, because its surface is so honey-combed by the sun as to destroy its reflecting power; but when you are close by it the ice is richest turquoise in color, while the caves and all the cracks and fissures in it are cobalt. At a little distance, on the other hand, when the sun is shining full upon it, the broken faces of the ice become a soft, pure grass green, darker in the transparent shadows, and the whole glacier takes a slightly greenish tinge, especially toward its top. From another point of view, or under a different sky, new colors and combinations of color develop themselves upon this great picture, whose easel is Sir Donald's purple height.

On this, the eastern margin of the glacier, we do not see much in the way of moraines; they have been levelled by running water and the constant sliding of snow and loose materials, if they ever existed. Along the western margin, however (which is outside of the field of the illustration), a huge moraine is heaped close against the steep wall of Mount Agassiz, and is steadily augmented by a stream of fragments from a ravine reaching far up toward the black crest. It is not difficult to reach and climb this moraine, but great care should be exercised in doing so to avoid falling between the loose angular rocks or bringing a slide of them down upon you.

From this moraine you can walk out upon the ice, but after wetting, cutting, and bruising yourself by repeated falls, you will not make a second attempt without proper equipment for glacial travel. The roughness underfoot is only partly indicated by the white foreground seen in the smaller of the accompanying pictures. The view gained from the ice is a good one, but not enough better than that from points below to alone reward one for the arduous climb.

A terminal moraine is not well marked. Bushes and weeds are abundant at the very foot of the ice, and flowers in their season, so that it is probable the glacier is slowly diminishing, as is true of other ice bodies in these mountains.

Enormous as it is, the glacier before us is a mere overflow or outlet of a *mer de glace* level with its top—a plateau of ice of untested thickness—buried under constantly renewed blankets of snow, and overlying an area of the summit many, many miles in extent. It is environed by a wall of cliff-like peaks, of which Sir Donald, and Mounts Carroll, Dawson, and Ross, are examples, and it sends down tongues of ice into the radiating valleys wherever a break in the rim permits. Our "great glacier" is one of these. The masses at the head of the West Branch, of which so beautiful a view is obtained from several points on the path, are another. The great glaciers behind Ross Peak are still other fringes of the same cloud-swept waste of frost and fierce light. Its area has never been measured, but men of good judgment, who have scanned this snow plateau from overlooking heights, declare that it is forty miles in length, north and south, by ten in width—400 square miles of silence and solitude.

On the returning walk to the hotel the whole gorge of the upper Illecillewaet is under your eye, and the vast barrier of the Hermit range,

> "Its blown snows flashing cold and keen."

Noble summits rear their ice-clothed crests at the left, too, while Ross Peak looks exceedingly lofty and symmetrical. Nearer, there is always ample enjoyment in the cataracts; in the ancient and gigantic trees; in the forms and colors of the dislocated rocks hidden in the forest or obstructing the stream; in the multitude and variety of mosses, flowers, and foliage; and in the rolling, gale-tossed, and very beautiful clouds lingering about the snow-banks, now hiding and now revealing the summit peaks that emerge at intervals into the sparkling ether.

The altitude of the station is only 4122 feet above the sea, and it forms a luxurious head-quarters for mountaineering and sport. Game is abundant in the vicinity, and good fishing is obtainable at a little distance by rail. These lofty ranges are the home of the mountain goat and the big-horn sheep. Wapiti (elk) and deer frequent the lower glades in winter, while bears can always be obtained on the heights, and the birds and small animals interesting to the naturalist are plentiful. Several painters of world-wide repute have camped in this ravine, exercising their art, and many a noted traveller has testified to the grandeur and exceeding interest of the spot.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

HENLEY THROUGH NEW EYES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"I MUST go to Henley!" Every acquaintance said so at every chance meeting on the streets; every friend, whether English or American, said so. Apparently every one who said so was going himself. It would not have occurred to one so new in London to tear one's self away from all its wonders and to deliberately throw off the intoxicating influence of the mammoth town even for a day; but there was no choice. The order never varied. It was always, "You must go to Henley." Happily there came along an American millionaire, who said in the wholesale way characteristic of American success that he had taken two houses close to Henley for the week, and that in one of them was a room set apart for me. I would be expected at noon at the Red Lion at Henley on Wednesday, he said, or a day earlier if I was already provided with the necessary costume for the great occasion.

"Is there any particular way to dress for Henley?" he was asked.

"Yes, indeed," said he: "you must have a suit of flannels for the daytime, with a soft woollen cap and Russia-leather shoes. For evening, bring along your dress suit. The flannels will cost you under three pounds, and though you can get along without them, you would give ten pounds to have them half an hour after you get there should you come dressed as you are for London. Come along, that's a good fellow. It will open your eyes as they never were opened before. Henley is the great national fête. It is the one week when the English, who love the water more than any people on earth, get a chance to demonstrate their fondness for it. About nothing else is England so unanimous as in her insistence that the great aquatic festival shall be her greatest triumph in pleasuring. It is the one occasion when all classes enjoy themselves together. The Derby is democratic, Ascot and Goodwood are swell, but the regatta at Henley is both swell and popular. It will amaze you. There is nothing like it in the world, and there cannot be, for it comes of the single opportunity given to thirty-eight millions of beings, crowded on a little island, and all loving fun and aquatics, to meet under the happiest circumstances. Unhappily we had a fine Ascot, and, you know, the rule is, 'Fine Ascot, bad Henley'; so you may look for rain all the time. Don't mind that; nobody else will mind it."

After such tempting eloquence and enthusiasm there was no room for dissent. My tailors began to prepare me for Henley. Unhappily no one concerned had wit enough to suggest a cap of the same flannel as the suit, and other friends advised the purchase of an ordinary cricket cap, one of the circular flat cloth caps with peak in front that one sees thousands of in the hat store windows. When all had been prepared, and the porter had taken the Henley outfit down to the hotel doorway in a bag, there stalked into the hotel a splendid apparition of manhood in a white flannel suit, with the trousers tightened around the flannel shirt by means of a silk scarf. And, horror! on his head was a tall Royal Yacht Club cap that bulged outward at the top, and had a white leather peak and a white leather strap with gold buttons at either end. What sort of effect would the cricket cap have at Henley, and the white linen shirt and the vest and suspenders in the bag at the doorway? For the apparition was going to Henley. It said so, loudly and proudly.

Agitation, under the circumstances, was pardonable, or at least human. For not only must every sentient being who finds himself among foreigners be often ill at ease, but he who never has sworn allegiance to the kingdom and glory of fashion must be a dullard not to tremble when circumstances push him suddenly and bodily into the very throne-room of that monarchy—for I forgot to say there were to be the first lords and ladies I was to see abroad in the rich American's party at Henley. Feeling quite as good as any of them, the next thing was to *look* as good, when up must rise that royal navy cap and the sash of silk and the flannel shirt!

"You'll 'ave to 'urry to the roilway, sir," the porter broke in, and in ten seconds the cricket cap and the rest of the uncertain and distrusted outfit for Henley, as well as its perturbed owner, were flying at the mad rate at which everything on wheels seems to go in London. Presently the flying hansom became part of a flying column of hansoms, and all sped together, like a line of retreating field-guns, until other lines of flying hansoms, coming together from all points, filled a wide street with their rattle and their wheels, and then Paddington station was reached. There are half a dozen Grand Central Depots in London, and Paddington is one of them. As the hansoms and the four-wheelers and the private carriages of the rich drew up under the vaulted roof of the great depot, blue-coated porters and ragged beggars opened the doors, out of which came that which almost amazed the senses—a vast assembly of men and women, all dressed for the country, in spotless white, in stripes, in India silks of the most delicate shades. Half the London beauties and half the London swells seemed to be there, the ladies with their filmy skirts girted up to show their silken ankles and to avoid the country dust, the men in luxurious and dainty in their loose, soft, summer colored flannels. Half the men wore cricket caps. Into the little closet-like compartments of the railroad cars they went. And into one went the present historian in a suit of diagonals, high silk hat, and black shoes, the only man there whose Henley suit was in his valise instead of on his back. The other men in the same closet of that car said that there never had been such a Henley, that special trains were being run every few minutes at sixty miles an hour, and that there were so few stops between London and the great resort that we would reach the latter in a little more than an hour. Then away went the swift, smooth-rolling train. It had the perverse habit of all English trains, that of going straight to its mark on a level road, and consequently through innumerable cuttings and tunnels, with attendant views composed mainly of masonry, chalk-sided gullies, overhead bridges, and fences of hedge or of disused sleepers. When a glimpse of the country was flung by at a mile a minute it was refreshing, for the English country appears everywhere opulent. The other men in the car said the country was all burned up for lack of rain, but it seemed resplendently green. The rich American had erred: the day was glorious, and there was to be no rain at Henley.

The only remarkable thing at Henley station was the way in which the guards and porters, all in blue and some with gold-lace, ran along the train and threw open the doors of the absurd, unhandy little cars. Then out came all the swells and the beauties, and the others dressed so like them in summer skirts and flannel coats and trousers that they were hard to tell about. A beggar seized my bag and led the way to the Red Lion. The route was dusty, and led between the usual low and small houses of stucco or of unfaced rough brick that make up all English villages. The road was crowded with people hurrying at cross-purposes. The scene brought to mind scattered pages of a hundred English novels. Here were beggars and gypsies, negro minstrels made up for performing, clergymen with peculiar round hats and clergymen with strange felt hats, fakirs and peddlers, men and women crying papers, and— But it is best to see them from the doorway of the Red Lion. The inn is a sprawling brick building, very old, but very much modernized, so that one must look in its court-yard and see the ivy-clad Elizabethan out-buildings, with their low stories and peaked roofs, to appreciate its age. Outside, the walls are half covered with dense vines, and inside there is a queer public-room, with the bar at one side, sofas for ladies opposite, and in a corner a queer little empty letter-rack on a table all covered with letters and telegrams and pencilled messages on cards. In order to feel perfectly at home, each new-comer read all these missives as a first duty, and then strode up to the bar. There were three bar-maids behind it—a fat and homely one and two thin and homely ones. They were waiting upon men standing three rows deep. During the three days of the regatta, from daylight until midnight, they were never to wait on less than three rows; they were often to see before them six or even eight rows of men, suffering from what is at once the curse and boast of the nation—the British thirst.

All the orders at the bar sounded strange to American ears. "Give me a Scotch and split soda," said one man. "A glass of bitter, please," called another. "Have you any Bond Street cigarettes?" "A fourpenny smoke, miss." "A glass of potass, please;" and so they went. Bitter meant bitter ale; split soda meant half a bottle or a small bottle of soda-water, half the size of the standard bottle; "a smoke" was a cigar; and "potass" a mineral water. But, after all, the confusion out-of-doors was more interesting. The American was right when he said that the crowds at Henley were only possible in a compact population of 38,000,000 of lovers of aquatic sports at a rendezvous close to the richest and biggest city in the world. Two battling streams of men and women met before the Red Lion Inn, one from the constantly arriving cars, and one from the crowded river. The oarsmen of the crack crews of the world were in the crowd, always bare-legged from their knees to their soft cloth shoes, and wearing heavy sweating shirts, flannel knee-breeches, and colored caps whose stripes told the initiated what club each belonged to. Dandies in light flannels of every delicate shade and pattern, and beautiful ladies, some in flannels and some in India silks or lawn, clustered around them. Poor men who touched their hats when they met your gaze hawked programmes of the races and London newspapers, and so did many pinched-visaged, sun-bronzed women.

Men and girls, with baskets and push-carts, offered roses and strawberries with the piteous voices of the London street crier, and with the frequent cry of, "For God's sake, buy a rose, ma'am; only a penny!" Bands of negro minstrels, all blacked up, and wearing steeple-like hats and striped coats with fantastic tails, strode along with banjoes and guitars over their shoulders. Some famous ones had their names painted on their hats—such names as "Inky," or "Panky," or "Sambo." It is said that some of these own houses at Henley, and rent them to rich families. Then there were jugglers, and men with galvanic batteries and scales, with trays of pork pies and wagons laden with ice-cream, to sell at a penny a cup, or little boxes on wheels with cargoes of tiny bottles of soda-water and lemonade. There were men in donkey-carts selling milk out of polished brass-topped milk cans; there were bands of gypsy women in flounced dresses and very large flowery bonnets stopping every one with a "Won't you give a penny to the gypsy, sir?" They seemed very natural, and like their pictures in the novels, so dark and thin and foreign-looking; in fact everything seemed to the Americans partly unreal (as belonging to the fiction we import), and partly quite to have been expected, and meeting all the requirements of anticipation. Such is the case with everything in England. At each new glimpse of the life here the well-informed American is at first surprised, then reassures himself with the recollection that it is all what he has seen and read in illustrated books.

The inevitable American lovers were in the crowd, of course, for no foreign holiday would be complete without them. "It is at once surprising and familiar," he whispered to her. "It is all a succession of pen and pencil sketches from novels," she replied. "I have to pinch myself now and then to make sure I am not making an excursion into Dream-land."

But great and peculiar as was the bustle before the Red Lion, it was as nothing to the scene on the Thames. The rich American had not come, the ancient stone bridge was not one hundred feet away. There would be time to run upon it for a minute and view the historic river. For a minute! The thought was born of ignorance. To be in the presence of that scene was to realize for the first time what the Henley Regatta was. So amazing was the view that the wealthiest man alive may venture all his dollars on the wager that nowhere else does the world offer anything to compare with it. The river swarmed with boats as far as one could see in either direction. Just as at the great Centennial Ball in New York last spring, there were so many dancers that there could not be any dancing, so here there were so many row-boats that not a soul could row. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Every now and again, at places, they were so massed that a man could have walked dry-shod upon them from shore to shore. Close at hand the view was of boats, but at a quarter or half a mile away no boats were to be seen; only the beautifully dressed people were visible. It was as if tens of thousands of men and women were holding a mass-meeting in what must have been the dry bed of a river.

"You can no more describe this scene than you can swim upon dry land," said the rich American. "There is no man who can; no language adequate to the task." He had been delayed at a lock down the river, and he had worked so hard in the sun that he needed a new collar and cuffs. There would be time to continue the view from the bridge.

The setting of the scene was exquisite. At Henley there is a long straight reach of the river, and therefore the place was chosen sixty years ago for the annual battle of the university crews. The hills enclose this course at either end, and give it the appearance of a lake. On the one side are the quaint houses and inns of the village, centred by an ancient church, which is said to have been designed by Cardinal Wolsey. Its great square battlemented tower rises above the luxuriant clothing of the trees around it in picturesque and feudal grandeur. Beyond the village, at either end, are country-seats upon lawns that lave their green edges in the river. On the opposite side are dense woods, whose shapely piles of foliage look strangely dark to American eyes. Here and there the cupolas and towers of country houses illuminate apertures in the woods. A rounded bank of leafage closes the view below, and a softly swelling hill-side, sown in grain, hems in the scene above. This is the mere framing of the picture. It is the picture itself that cannot be described. Yet something must be ventured about it. No one blames Wolfe for saying at Quebec that he would "try." And here there is no such penalty for failure as he paid.

The incomprehensible confusion of boats in the river begins with a gorgeous line of what are called "house-boats," moored one behind the other along the Henley bank. There are seventy-five or a hundred of these, and they are between twenty-five and sixty feet in length and ten to fifteen feet wide. They are one-story houses built on barges, with their flat roofs shaded by awnings, and appointed with chairs and rockers. By spending from $1000 to $10,000 upon a Hudson River hay barge, you could turn it into a Thames house-boat. You would have to put great plate-glass windows close together in the sides, and if you sheathed the outer walls with polished natural wood you would do nothing extraordinary. You might loop fresh roses, day after day, upon the sides between the windows, and you would be obliged by custom to keep a ribbon or band of gorgeous flowering plants along the top of the boat on either side. Then if you hung richly striped scallop-edged awnings high above the roof, with dangling lanterns a-plenty and brilliant flags galore on the awning poles and flag-staffs, you would have nothing more to do than to appoint your boat's interior with costly furniture and rugs and bric-à-brac. There you have an idea of the nether wall of house-boats along the Henley bank. A more opulent, gorgeous, splendid effect than they produced it would be difficult to imagine. It was like an exaggerated Oriental pageant halted, and yet with all its line a-flutter with gay bunting and lanterns. Some of these boats were pure white, some were walled with polished oak or lustrous maple; others were great blocks of rich color. So extreme is the opportunity to spend money upon them that in special cases the ladies and gentlemen aboard them were dressed to match the colors of their boat-hangings.

It has long been the fashion for wealthy people to own or rent these house-boats, and in them to spend their summers. They cook and eat and sleep in them, though some have separate kitchen barges lashed to their dwelling-boats as a tender is fixed to a locomotive in our country. Change is what we are all after—not rest, as the doctors prescribe—and so it pleases rich ladies, who never enter their kitchens in London, to cook and keep house in these boats.

To understand the scene, then, fancy the long line of house-boats along the lawn-edged bank of the river. The lawns were dotted with dining tables and canoes and racing shells and splendid carriages and heaps of ladies' wraps and shawls. Dandies and beauties were at the tables, and extra-dignified waiters in aprons and men in liveries were waiting upon them, for every lawn was leased to wealthy Londoners who wished fixed meeting-places and luncheons al fresco. The very cottages upon the lawns were leased also, sometimes to still different parties. Three miles from Henley little cottages fetch $125 for the regatta week, so that the reader may estimate for himself what those actually at Henley rent for. But the interest was mainly focussed on the river, and we have seen that it was as crowded with pleasure-boats as if it were a pail of water in which there had been dropped a small measure of corks. Sir Morell Mackenzie, physician to the late Emperor of Germany, had brought a real gondola from Venice to anchor off his lawn, and a Mrs. Hamersley came with another genuine gondola sculled by a Venetian in native dress. There were birch-bark canoes and modern American canoes by the score; there were dozens of dingies looking like the bow ends of whale-boats cut in half; there were scores of long, iron-bound, flat, shallow punts, in which men walked to and fro wielding great poles; there were steam-launches and sail-boats with their sails tied up, and finally there were thousands of Thames pleasure-boats. These are like very broad and very light Whitehall boats. Each has a cushioned settee for two in the stern and seats for two oarsmen. There is also a pillow and rug for a fifth person near the bow of each. All have carpets in them, and some are covered with awnings, while others carry radiant masses of flowering plants in bow and stern. All carry paddles and hooks as well as oars. The paddles are more often in use than the oars, and the hooks become useful when in the thick of the crush you see a few men poling or paddling, and scores of boats hooked on behind each other, all moving by the efforts of those who are at work.

The scene is amazing. The ladies lie back on the settees, the colors of the costumes dazzle the sight, the minstrels float about and sing, the peddlers cruise around and hawk their wares, the boats crash into one another, row-locks are torn off, oars are snapped, canoes are overturned, and the only element that is ever uninterrupted is the general good-nature. That is the distinctive feature of the three holidays after all. Nothing disturbs the even temper of either the multitude or the individuals.

Once an hour a black boat, manned by men in uniform, pushes down the stream. It is a boat of the Thames Conservancy. "Clear the river for a race!" the guardians of the river shout. Not far behind them comes a little launch manned by more of the same force. As if by magic the pleasure-boats mass together along the Henley bank, leaving a clear space 75 feet wide near the other shore. The Thames at Henley is about the width of the Passaic at Newark. It is about 300 feet wide; perhaps a little wider. Bang! goes a cannon. A moment later every man and woman on the river stands up. "Do you see them?" is closely followed by, "Here they come!" Two rows of white-shirted men dot the clearing on the water. Their backs and their long oar-blades sway in the sun. There is confusion on the bank across the river from Henley. Scores of youths are running along even with the oarsmen, and shouting to them. Their money or friendly interest is staked upon one crew or the other. Among them ride men on horseback, the coachers of the crews. Behind the hindmost racing boat a steam-launch glides along. The judges are on board the launch. Nine throats in ten in all the tremendous multitude yell at the racers, but not two persons in ten know or care who they are or what the race is. Interest in the boat races is the last and least thing felt at Henley. The people go there for fun in the open air and on the water, to meet one another, and to say they have been to Henley. A foremost figure in the races this year was a New-Yorker named Psotta. On the first day the rumor ran that he had won; so it was again on the second day. "Good!" said the multitude each day. On the third day he was beaten. "Good!" said the multitude again. In truth very few cared. A noble lord who was present was asked at one time what boats were racing. He did not know one race in the three days, he said. Suddenly a man cried, "There's Christ-church ahead!" The noble lord, as all lords are called, no matter how little they deserve it, sprang to his feet at once. "I must cheer Christ-church," said he. "Well rowed, Christ-church; well rowed." Then he sat down and continued his luncheon. Christ-church was his *alma mater*, or he would not have stirred.

Across the river, where the men ran beside the racing boats, is a tow-path. There are many open lots there also. That is the public's common ground. During the regatta this bank was dotted with circus tents, gypsy wagons, drinking booths, and vans, and all the paraphernalia of all the mountebanks, fakirs, peddlers, contortionists, street singers, minstrels, and beggars of half the three kingdoms. Dickens knew these shifting sands of humanity as well as any ferryman knows his route, and not only did all the scenes and sounds there this year recall his pages, but the reproduction was so faithful as to make these people living and successive monuments to his genius. An adventure with one of that colony at Henley with which this account closes will demonstrate this better than any descriptive writing could do.

But before that all that remains to be said is that the scene outlined above was the scene at Henley for three days. No words can give an idea of the beauty of the house-boats, of the lavish display of the rich in their costumes, their retinues of liveried servants, or their elegant repasts on the lawns. No straining of English will picture to the absent reader's mind the swarm of boats in the water, the boats in the roads, on the banks, on the lawns, on wagons, in the railroad cars, and in the inn court-yards. One might as well try to reproduce in words the beauty of the fair and high-bred women or the general jollity and good-nature of the men. But to complete the record of a visit to England's greatest gathering it is necessary to say that at its close on the last night, when all the lanterns on the house-boats were sending their chromatic rays upon the clutter of craft in the river, there was a grand display of fireworks. At once the earth and the sky were made resplendent with colored lights. It was a beautiful scene, but it gave the American girl who was there with the inevitable American lover her only chance to show her patriotism.

"It is very pretty," said she, "but it is nothing to the Thousand Islands at night. The scene there on every night in the season is many times more brilliant."

"But what about Henley by daylight?" asked her radiant companion.

"Ah," said she, "that's another thing. I began to see some time ago that we Americans have been thinking of Europe through the little end of the telescope, so to speak. At home we think everything over here is small. One day in London gave me my first view through the right end of the glass. What is on a big scale over here is enormous beyond our wildest ideas, and Henley is the second biggest thing I've seen yet."

Her beaming satellite vouchsafed no comment on her words; but had she been Solomon come to earth again and wearing skirts, he could not have listened more devoutly.

"I'll get you a seat for a shilling, sir," said a porter at the Henley station. It seemed a providential suggestion, for of the thirty cars in the train each one was packed. "Here's a guard's box, sir; pop in lively. It's the only seat in the train. Thank ye, sir."

The guard's box was a comfortable padded seat in a little house built out beyond the side of the coach, and with a window in each side commanding a view up and down the train and the road. It opened into a little room at the end of the car. At the other side was another guard's box, and between the two was the big brake, such as American cars have upon their platforms. The compartment was as dark as Erebus. Some one tried one of the doors at the side, and at the same instant a vague figure of a man materialized in the gloom, and warned the intruder off.

"Private, sir," said the figure; "carn't come in, sir. This 'ere 'ole car is 'ired by me Lord 'Obnob, sir. 'E's in the forward part, sir, and we're hall 'is servants in 'ere, sir."

The man in quest of a seat went away, and the figure in the gloom remarked, "'Ow was that, Jack?" From another corner of the darkness a gruff voice sounded: "That's what I call fust clars." It was evident that the guard's compartment contained two other passengers. Presently the train rolled away from Henley, and the dusky figure that first revealed itself dropped into the vacant guard's box. Then, still remaining in obscurity, it spoke as follows:

"Oh, Jack, 'ere's a go! I've got the guard's seat. I've travelled thousands of miles and never 'ad one of these boxes. I say, Jack, you can see hup and down the 'ole train, and the 'ole line, and the 'ole country. Bless my eyes! this is a rum go. I'm feeling worth a thousand a year. No wonder the guards are so sleepy! It's ''Ere, guard, 'ere's a shilling,' and it's ''Ere's a drink, guard,' and it's ''Ere's a smoke, guard,' and then they sits 'ere in these boxes and goes regular to sleep. Why, I wouldn't give up this seat, not for a pension. Oh, my! 'what luck at the end of a bad beginning,' as the fellow said when he got locked up and met 'is father in a cell, which 'e 'adn't seen for years.

"Keep the 'ole floor, Jack, and make yourself perfeckly at 'ome. My name is Midgely, your 'onor—George Midgely, sir—that is to say, J. Midgely, your 'onor. I've a wife and four in a little cottage which I have to raise eight shillings and sixpence a week for the rent of, sir. I've a 'ole 'ouseful of furniture forward, sir, in the brake, consistin' of my paytent try-yer-weight scales and my paytent try-yer-lungs machine. I've been to 'Enley, and I've done so poorly, sir, that I'm goin' 'ome stony, sir—stony-broke. I 'ad my machines on the bridge at 'Enley, sir, but really, I do tell you, sir, I never seen such a poor lot. I'm out of money by it, sir; but that's getting to be nothing. I'm gettin' used to it, sir. It was the very same at Ascot. I came 'ome stony from there too, sir. Didn't we, Jack?"

"'Deed we did," came a voice from the floor of the car.

"Ay, Jack 'as the rights of it, sir, as the magistrate said when the woman sued 'er sailor 'usband for bein' away from 'ome so much of the time. I say, Jack, this 'ere train's goin' it lively, ain't she? I spoke to the General Manager, and I arsked 'im to make no stops 'twixt 'ere and London. 'E said 'e'd 'tend to it. It's the longest train ever I saw—a deal too big a load for one 'orse, even if it is an iron one. But, as I was a-sayin', yer 'onor, I never see such a lot as at 'Enley. The beggars and the waxies got all the pennies. I calls the nigger minstrels 'waxies' 'cause as they waxes their faces. But the public wouldn't 'ave my machines. Why not? Simply because their fathers 'adn't 'ad them and their grandfathers 'adn't 'ad them. That's why enough.

"I tried hall my ways of speakin'. I 'ave three ways: what I call my humorous, dramatical, and clarsical ways. I judge my public, and I know what to give 'em. I looks at all their faces, and then I lets go the sort that 'll please 'em—just like old Gladstone, a-shifting an' a-chopping about from one thing to another to suit my public. If I 'as a high-clars public such as you, yer 'onor, I let go my clarsical, or a bit of my medical and my clarsical. I tell 'em as 'ow hold Diogenus wasn't 'unting for honest men with 'is lantern, but was 'unting for such a thing as my try-yer-strength machine, which he couldn't find, 'cause it wasn't brought out. I never 'ad no set speech—never in the 'ole course of my natural. I halways say what's put in my 'ead to say; don't I, Jack?"

In this manner he and the cars rattled on together all the way to London. And there the experience of the new eyes at Henley properly ended.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

A SUBTLE silence nature sweetly fills,
Lulled by the cricket and the droning bee;
The dull leaves scarcely rustle on the tree,
The sky seems blended with the distant hills.
No bird upon the way-side alder trills,
And in the wheat, a crinkled olive sea,
The poppy brightly flames, while merrily
The woodpecker the drowsy apple drills.
These sunny moments softly slip away,
Like unto dreams that all our cares release,
While sheep bells tinkle in the dusty fold.
O perfect calm o'er nature holding sway,
Making the day a shore of shining peace,
White as a lily with a heart of gold!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

GOING TO CAMP FOR SUPPLIES.

IN the relations of the common hand-car to man there are more latent possibilities of excitement and mental anxiety than in any other contrivance of modern railroading. Like its prototype in marine transportation, the cat-boat, the hand-car is practically an agent of disaster designed to entrap the innocent and unwary. Almost any man will attempt the guidance of a cat-boat because it has only one sail; anybody will undertake the management of a hand-car for the reason that it does not run by steam. In each case the real danger lies in the simplicity of the thing as well as the apparent absence of risk. In reality a cat-boat is safe only when tied to a wharf in a dead calm, and a hand-car is harmless only when lying bottom upward at the foot of a hill.

Persons who tamper with a hand-car at the top of a grade are likely to get themselves into trouble, for the machine will develop more unsuspected tendencies to run away than an unbroken broncho fresh from the herd. In the every-day management of railroads, however, and particularly in the construction of new lines, the hand-car is a humble and useful mechanical servant. Its chief function is the transportation of laborers and tools from one part of the line to another, but at times it is used as a supply train to carry provisions to the men at work, as shown in the engraving on another page. The car in this instance is technically known as a push-car, which is the simplest form of railway conveyance manufactured. It is not propelled by a system of levers or cranks, as in the hand-car proper, but by men on foot, who push it before them with its load of cross-ties or iron rails. For use as a brake it sometimes has a heavy bar of wood thrust through a hole in the floor. This brake-stick may or may not fall through the hole, and let the car go down the grade at the rate of something like four miles a minute: it all depends upon circumstances and the steepness of the grade.

As in the superstition of the gambler, there is one thing certain about the hand-car: it is bound to jump the track upon the slightest cause, and frequently from no cause at all. If it is running light, it will leave the rails because it is not heavy enough to move evenly at a high rate of speed, while if it is loaded, it will jump the track for the reason that the load may not be well balanced. For rapid running down a grade the hand-car is safest when weighted with rocks or iron rails.

The push-car shown in the illustration bears an important relation to the men at the top of the grade, inasmuch as it keeps them supplied with provisions while working some distance from camp or the commissary train. The two men in charge of it spend their time in riding the car down the grade and pushing it up again. The ride down is the more desirable of the two trips, as any one may see by the apparent exhilaration of the man who waves his hat in glee to a friend at the station below. Aside from its artistic merits, the picture might be called unsatisfactory by a practical man, in so far as there is nothing about it to indicate the safe arrival of the two men at the foot of the grade. It is fairly reasonable to assume that the car may suddenly yield to a desire to reach the station by the quickest and most direct way, and so leave the curve and plunge headlong down the mountain-side. Upon this supposition the hilarity of the hatless man is seen to be ill-timed, if not actually incongruous. His companion seems to have a more fitting conception of the situation, and so far as his personal exertions will avail, the trip may be made in safety. Even should the car arrive at the station in the proper manner, the hilarious man will not feel quite so hilarious on the return journey, for then he will be compelled to work his passage, and at the same time push a load of provisions up that long and wearisome grade. He is wisely having his fun in advance. For the sake of the hungry men whom he has left behind it is to be hoped that he will arrive at the base of supplies with his bones in their proper places.

JOHN P. MORTON.

JOHN P. MORTON, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, and the oldest bookseller in the United States, died at his home in that city on Friday, July 19th. Born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1807, he was thrown upon his own resources at the age of sixteen, being recalled from the Transylvania University by the financial failure of his father. About 1825 he was given the active management of a book-store, which had been started by W. W. Worsely. Later the firm became Morton & Smith, and the publication of a daily paper called *The Focus* was continued under the title of *The Focus and Journal*. The paper was afterward called the *Louisville Journal*. In 1838 the firm became Morton & Griswold, and ten years later John P. Morton & Co., under which name it has existed up to the present time. Mr. Morton, until within a few years, always took an active interest in the business, which became known as one of the largest publishing houses in the South.

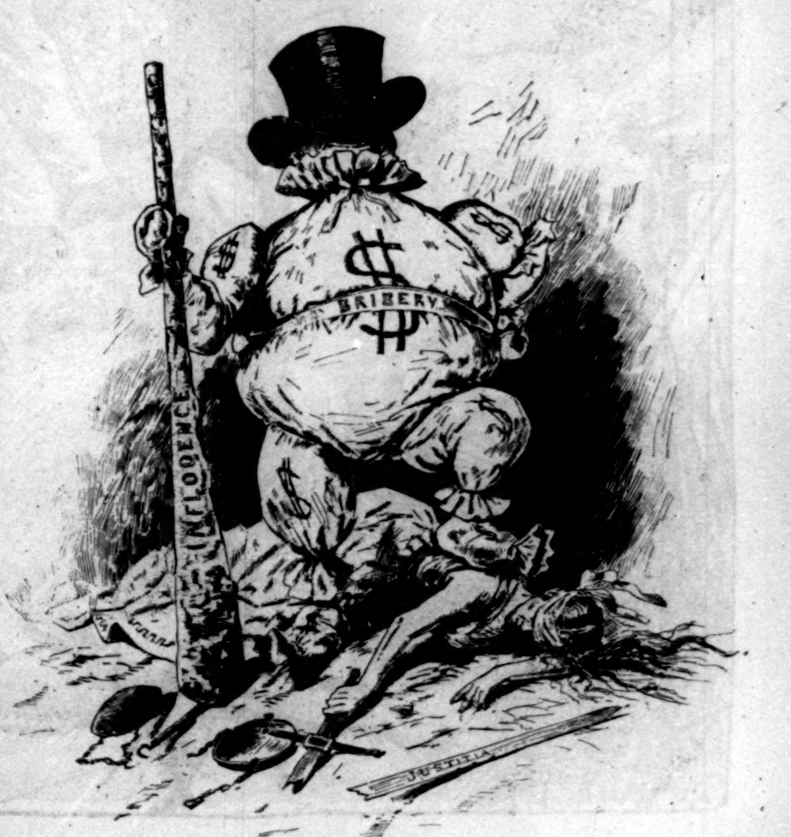
Outside of his book business, he was largely interested in other investments which made him one of the most wealthy citizens of Louisville. He was particularly successful with real estate which he owned in Florida, and which grew to be very valuable.

Mr. Morton was a man of many charities, and a prominent Episcopalian. At an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars he endowed the Church Home and Infirmary, one of the most magnificent charities of Louisville. His wife, who was Miss Harriet Griswold, survives him.

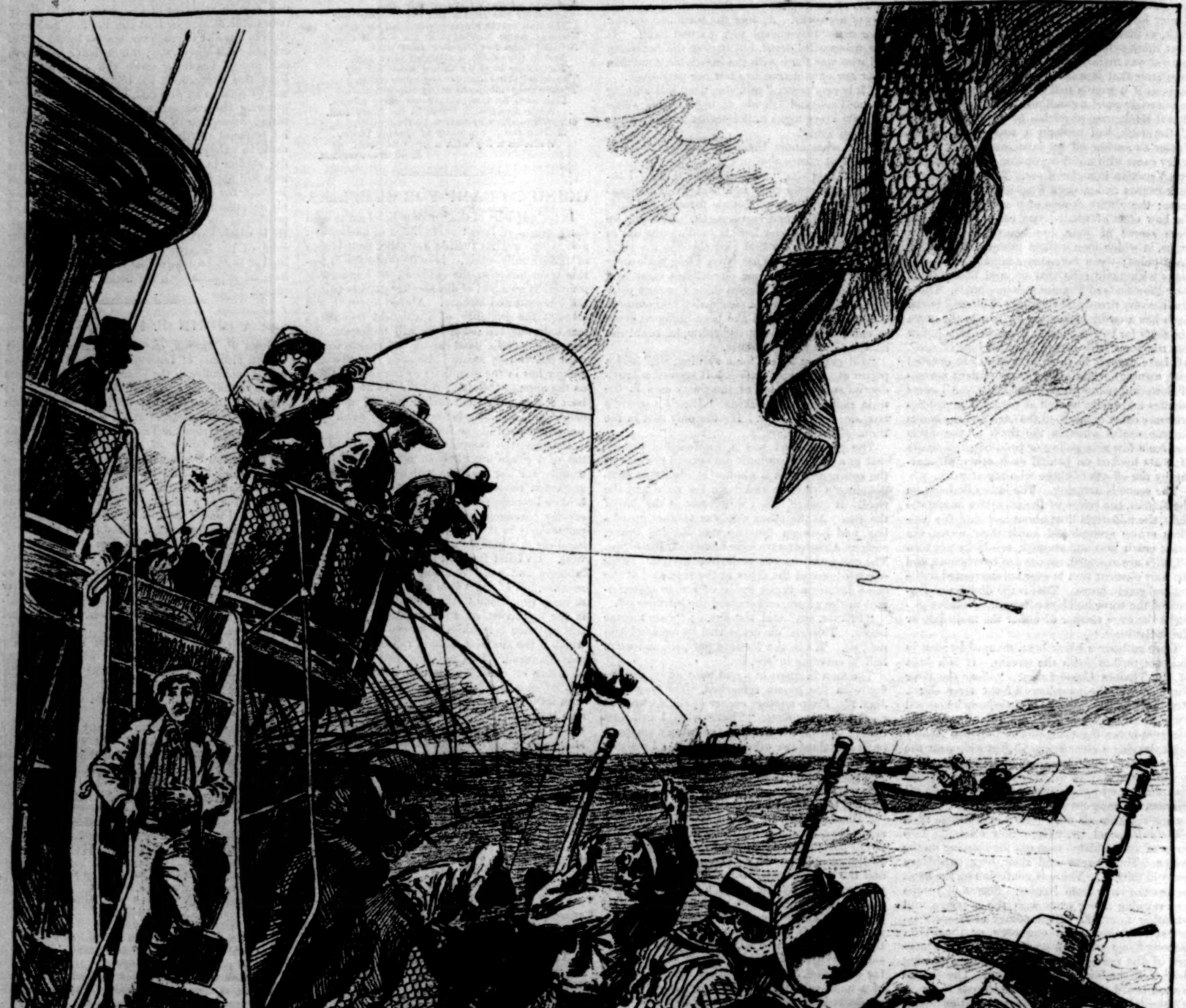
THE PATH OF HOPE.

DANGER came once, but with so sweet a face
I scarcely knew 'twas Danger:
It was a pitfall decked with flowers,
As lovely to the longing feet
As leafy alleys in the heat,
Or meadows white with showers:
Could aught resist so fair a place,
The poppy-path of Danger?
Thank God, who plucked me back
Just as my step was sinking to the fall,
A truant from the chosen track,
Whose iron roadway stretches black
And blackens to a wall!
Here, only here,
Strange lights of hope appear,
Those sultry portents of the morning sky:
Then courage, heart! and onward without fear
Till God shall teach you why!

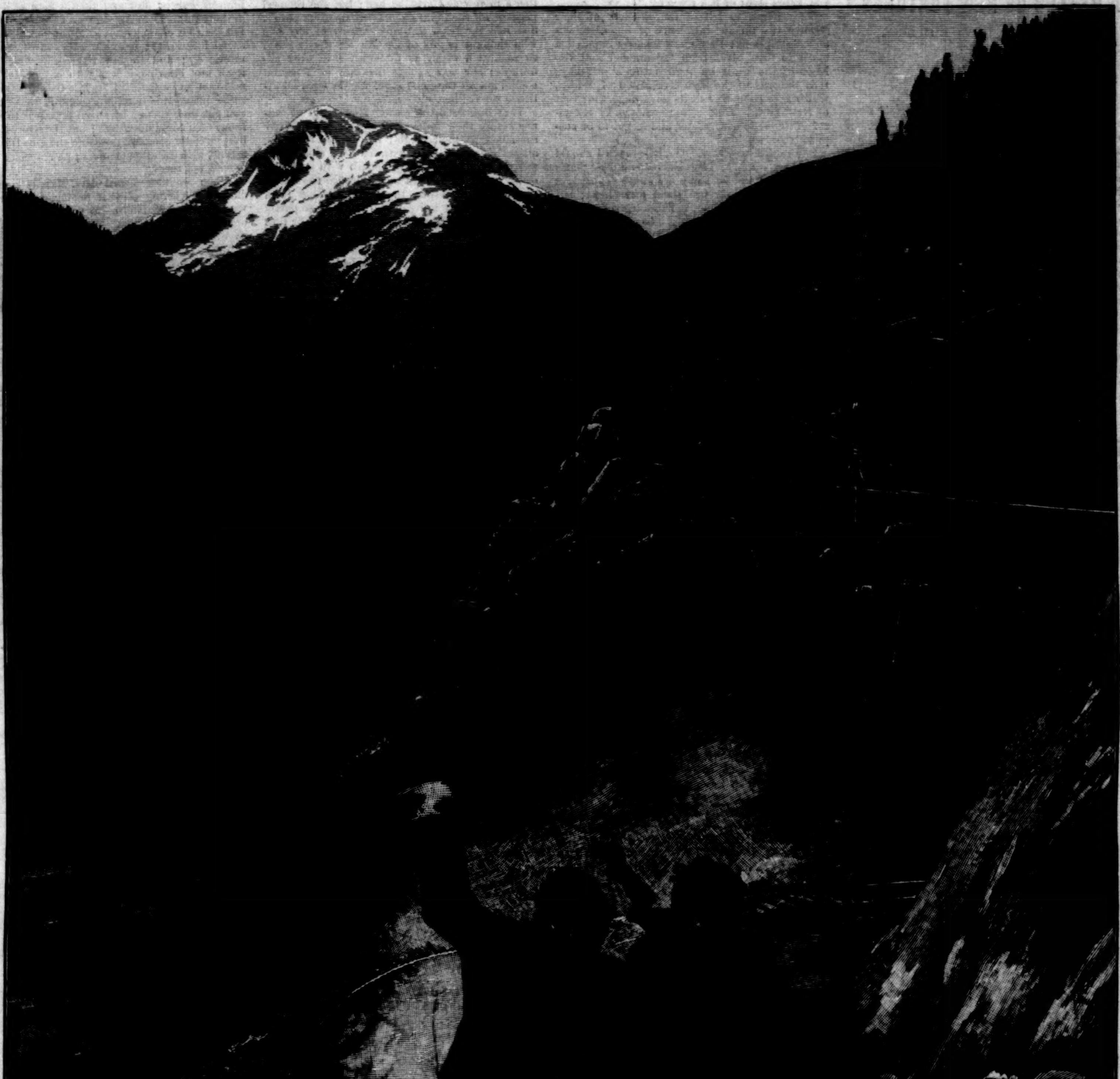
DORA READ GOODALE.



IO TRIUMPHE!



A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 623.]



DOWN THE GRADE FROM THE DIVIDE—SECTION HANDS GOING TO CAMP FOR PROVISIONS.
DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED MITCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

VII.

Margaret Vance tried to give herself some reason for going to call upon the Dryfooses, but she could find none better than the wish to do a kind thing. This seemed queerer and less and less sufficient as she examined it, and she even admitted a little curiosity as a harmless element in her motive, without being very well satisfied with it. She tried to add a slight sense of social duty, and then she decided to have no motive at all, but simply to pay her visit as she would to any other eligible strangers she saw fit to call upon. She perceived that she must be very careful not to let them see that any other impulse had governed her; she determined, if possible, to let them patronize *her;* to be very modest and sincere and diffident, and, above all, not to play a part. This was easy, compared with the choice of a manner that should convey to them the fact that she was not playing a part. When the hesitating Irish serving-man had acknowledged that the ladies were at home, and had taken her card to them, she sat waiting for them in the drawing-room. Her study of its appointments, with their impersonal costliness, gave her no suggestion how to proceed; the two sisters were upon her before she had really decided, and she rose to meet them with the conviction that she was going to play a part for want of some chosen means of not doing so. She found herself, before she knew it, making her banjo a property in the little comedy, and professing so much pleasure in the fact that Miss Dryfoos was taking it up; she had herself been so much interested by it. Anything, she said, was a relief from the piano; and then, between the guitar and the banjo, one must really choose the banjo; unless one wanted to devote one's whole natural life to the violin. Of course, there was the mandolin; but Margaret asked if they did not feel that the bit of shell you struck it with interposed a distance between you and the real soul of the instrument; and then it did have such a faint, mosquitoy little tone! She made much of the question, which they left her to debate alone while they gazed solemnly at her till she characterized the tone of the mandolin, when Mela broke into a large, coarse laugh.

"Well, that's just what it *does* sound like," she explained, defiantly, to her sister. "I always feel like it was going to settle somewhere, and I want to hit myself a slap before it begins to bite. I don't see what ever brought such a thing into fashion."

Margaret had not expected to be so powerfully seconded, and she asked, after gathering herself together, "And you are both learning the banjo?"

"My, no!" said Mela; "I've gone through enough with the piano. Christine is learning it."

"I'm so glad you are making my banjo useful at the outset, Miss Dryfoos." Both girls stared at her, but found it hard to cope with the fact that this was the lady friend whose banjo Beaton had lent them. "Mr. Beaton mentioned that he had left it here. I hope you'll keep it as long as you find it useful."

At this amiable speech even Christine could not help thanking her. "Of course," she said, "I expect to get another, right off. Mr. Beaton is going to choose it for me."

"You are very fortunate. If you haven't a teacher yet, I should so like to recommend mine."

Mela broke out in her laugh again. "Oh, I guess Christine's pretty well suited with the one she's got," she said, with insinuation. Her sister gave her a frowning glance, and Margaret did not tempt her to explain.

"Then that's much better," she said. "I have a kind of superstition in such matters; I don't like to make a second choice. In a shop I like to take the first thing of the kind I'm looking for, and even if I choose further I come back to the original."

"How funny!" said Mela. "Well, now, I'm just the other way. I always take the last thing, after I've picked over all the rest. My luck always seems to be at the bottom of the heap. Now Christine, she's more like you. I believe she could walk right up blindfolded and put her hand on the thing she wants every time."

"I'm like father," said Christine, softened a little by the celebration of her peculiarity. "He says the reason so many people don't get what they want is that they don't want it bad enough. Now when I want a thing, it seems to me that I want it all through."

"Well, that's just like father, too," said Mela. "That's the way he done when he got that eighty-acre piece next to Moffitt that he kept when he sold the farm, and that's got some of the best gas wells on it now that there is anywhere." She addressed the explanation to her sister, to the exclusion of Margaret, who, nevertheless, listened with a smiling face and a resolutely polite air of being a party to the conversation. Mela rewarded her amiability by saying to her finally, "You never been in the natural gas country, have you?"

"Oh, no! And I should so much like to see it!" said Margaret, with a fervor that was partly voluntary.

"Would you? Well, we're kind of sick of it, but I suppose it *would* strike a stranger."

"*I* never got tired of looking at the big wells when they lit them up," said Christine. "It seems as if the world was on fire."

"Yes, and when you see the surface-gas burnun' down in the woods, like it used to by our spring-house—so still, and never spreadun' any; just like a bed of some kind of wild flowers when you ketch sight of it a piece off."

They began to tell of the wonders of their strange land in an antiphony of reminiscences and descriptions; they unconsciously imputed a merit to themselves from the number and violence of the wells on their father's property; they bragged of the high civilization of Moffitt, which they compared to its advantage with that of New York. They became excited by Margaret's interest in natural gas, and forgot to be suspicious and envious.

She said, as she rose, "Oh, how much I should like to see it all!" Then she made a little pause and added, "I'm so sorry my aunt's Thursdays are over; she never has them after Lent; but we're to have some people Tuesday evening at a little concert which a musical friend is going to give with some other artists. There won't be any banjoes, I'm afraid, but there'll be some very good singing, and my aunt would be so glad if you could come with your mother."

She put down her aunt's card on the table near her, while Mela gurgled, as if it were the best joke: "Oh, my! Mother never goes anywhere; you couldn't get her out for love or money." But she was herself overwhelmed with a simple joy at Margaret's politeness, and showed it in a sensuous way, like a child, as if she had been tickled. She came closer to Margaret, and seemed about to fawn physically upon her.

"Ain't she just as lovely as she can live?" she demanded of her sister when Margaret was gone.

"I don't know," said Christine. "I guess she wanted to know who Mr. Beaton had been lending her banjo to."

"Pshaw! Do you suppose she's in love with him?" asked Mela, and then she broke into her hoarse laugh at the look her sister gave her. "Well, don't eat *me*, Christine! I wonder who she is, anyway? I'm goun' to git it out of Mr. Beaton the next time he calls. I guess she's somebody. Mrs. Mandel can tell. I wish that old friend of hers would hurry up and git well—or something. But I guess we appeared about as well as she did. I could see she was afraid of you, Christine. I reckon it's gittun' around a little about father; and when it does I don't believe we shall want for callers. Say, are you goun'? To that concert of theirs?"

"I don't know. Not till I know who they are first."

"Well, we've got to hump ourselves if we're goun' to find out before Tuesday."

As she went home, Margaret felt wrought in her that most incredible of the miracles, which, nevertheless, any one may make his experience. She felt kindly to these girls because she had tried to make them happy, and she hoped that in the interest she had shown there had been none of the poison of flattery. She was aware that this was a risk she ran in such an attempt to do good. If she had escaped this effect she was willing to leave the rest with Providence.

VIII.

The notion that a girl of Margaret Vance's traditions would naturally form of girls like Christine and Mela Dryfoos would be that they were abashed in the presence of the new conditions of their lives, and that they must receive the advance she had made them with a certain grateful humility. However they received it, she had made it upon principle, from a romantic conception of duty; but this was the way she imagined they would receive it, because she thought that she would have done so if she had been as ignorant and unbred as they. Her error was in arguing their attitude from her own temperament, and endowing them, for the purposes of argument, with her perspective. They had not the means, intellectual or moral, of feeling as she fancied. If they had remained at home on the farm where they were born, Christine would have grown up that embodiment of impassioned suspicion which we find oftenest in the narrowest spheres, and Mela would always have been a good-natured simpleton; but they would never have doubted their equality with the wisest and the finest. As it was, they had not learned enough at school to doubt it, and the splendor of their father's success in making money had blinded them forever to any possible difference against them. They had no question of themselves in the social abeyance to which they had been left in New York. They had been surprised, mystified; it was not what they had expected; there must be some mistake. They were the victims of an accident, which would be repaired as soon as the fact of their father's wealth had got around. They had been steadfast in their faith, through all their disappointment, that they were not only better than most people by virtue of his money, but as good as any; and they took Margaret's visit, so far as they investigated its motive, for a sign that at last it was beginning to get around; of course a thing could not get around in New York so quick as it could in a small place. They were confirmed in their belief by the sensation of Mrs. Mandel, when she returned to duty that afternoon, and they consulted her about going to Mrs. Horn's *musicale*. If she had felt any doubt at the name—for there were Horns and Horns—the address on the card put the matter beyond question; and she tried to make her charges understand what a precious chance had befallen them. She did not succeed; they had not the premises, the experience, for a sufficient impression; and she undid her work in part by the effort to explain that Mrs. Horn's standing was independent of money; that though she was positively rich, she was comparatively poor. Christine inferred that Miss Vance had called because she wished to be the first to get in with them since it had begun to get around. This view commended itself to Mela too, but without warping her from her opinion that Miss Vance was all the same too sweet for anything. She had not so vivid a consciousness of her father's money as Christine had; but she reposed perhaps all the more confidently upon its power. She was far from thinking meanly of any one who thought highly of her for it; that seemed so natural a result as to be amiable, even admirable; she was willing that any such person should get all the good there was in such an attitude toward her.

They discussed the matter that night at dinner before their father and mother, who mostly sat silent at their meals; the father frowning absently over his plate, with his head close to it, and making play into his mouth with the back of his knife (he had got so far toward the use of his fork as to despise those who still ate from the edge of their knives), and the mother partly missing hers at times in the nervous tremor that shook her face from side to side.

After a while the subject of Mela's hoarse babble and of Christine's high-pitched, thin, sharp forays of assertion and denial in the field which her sister's voice seemed to cover, made its way into the old man's consciousness, and he perceived that they were talking with Mrs. Mandel about it, and that his wife was from time to time offering an irrelevant and mistaken comment. He agreed with Christine, and silently took her view of the affair some time before he made any sign of having listened. There had been a time in his life when other things besides his money seemed admirable to him. He had once respected himself for the hard-headed, practical common-sense which first gave him standing among his country neighbors; which made him supervisor, school trustee, justice of the peace, county commissioner, secretary of the Moffitt County Agricultural Society. In those days he had served the public with disinterested zeal and proud ability; he used to write to the *Lake Shore Farmer* on agricultural topics; he took part in opposing, through the Moffitt papers, the legislative waste of the people's money; on the question of selling a local canal to the railroad company which killed that fine old State work, and let the dry ditch grow up to grass, he might have gone to the Legislature, but he contented himself with defeating the Moffitt member who had voted for the job. If he opposed some measures for the general good, like high-schools and school libraries, it was because he lacked perspective, in his intense individualism, and suspected all expense of being spendthrift. He believed in good district schools, and he had a fondness, crude but genuine, for some kinds of reading—history and forensics of an elementary sort.

With his good head for figures he doubted doctors and despised preachers; he thought lawyers were all rascals, but he respected them for their ability; he was not himself litigious, but he enjoyed the intellectual encounters of a difficult lawsuit, and he often attended a sitting of the fall term of court, when he went to town, for the pleasure of hearing the speeches. He was a good citizen, and a good husband. As a good father, he was rather severe with his children, and used to whip them, especially the gentle Conrad, who somehow crossed him most, till the twins died. After that he never struck any of them; and from the sight of a blow dealt a horse he turned as if sick. It was a long time before he lifted himself up from his sorrow, and then the will of the man seemed to have been breached through his affections. He let the girls do as they pleased—the twins had been girls; he let them go away to school, and got them a piano. It was they who made him sell the farm. If Conrad had only had their spirit he could have made him keep it, he felt; and he resented the want of support he might have found in a less yielding spirit than his son's.

His moral decay began with his perception of the opportunity of making money quickly and abundantly, which offered itself to him after he sold his farm. He awoke to it slowly, from a desolation in which he tasted the last bitter of homesickness, the utter misery of idleness and listlessness. When he broke down and cried for the hard-working, wholesome life he had lost, he was near the end of this season of despair, but he was also near the end of what was best in himself. He devolved upon a meaner ideal than that of conservative good citizenship, which had been his chief moral experience: the money he had already made without effort and without merit, bred its unholy self-love in him; he began to honor money, especially money that had been won suddenly and in large sums; for money that had been earned, painfully, slowly, and in little amounts, he had only pity and contempt. The poison of that ambition to go somewhere and be somebody which the local speculators had instilled into him, began to work in the vanity which had succeeded his somewhat scornful self-respect; he rejected Europe as the proper field for his expansion; he rejected Washington; he preferred New York, whither the men who have made money and do not yet know that money has made them, all instinctively turn. He came where he could watch his money breed more money, and bring greater increase of its kind in an hour of luck than the toil of a thousand men could earn in a year. He called it speculation, stocks, the street; and his pride, his faith in himself mounted with his luck. He expected, when he had sated his greed, to begin to spend, and he had formulated an intention to build a great house, to add another to the palaces of the country-bred millionaires who have come to adorn the great city. In the mean time he made little account of the thing that occupied his children, except to fret at the ungrateful indifference of his son to the interests that could alone make a man of him. He did not know whether his daughters were in society or not; with people coming and going in the house he would have supposed they must be so, no matter who the people were; in some vague way he felt that he had hired society in Mrs. Mandel, at so much a year. He never met a superior himself, except now and then a man of twenty or fifty millions to his one or two, and then he felt his soul creep within him, without a sense of social inferiority; it was a question of financial inferiority; and though Dryfoos's soul bowed itself and crawled, it was with a gambler's admiration of wonderful luck. Other men said these many-millioned millionaires were smart, and got their money by sharp practices to which lesser men could not attain; but Dryfoos believed that he could compass the same ends, by the same means, with the same chances; he respected their money, not them.

When he now heard Mrs. Mandel and his daughters talking of that person, whoever she was, that Mrs. Mandel seemed to think had honored his girls by coming to see them, his curiosity was pricked as much as his pride was galled.

"Well, anyway," said Mela, "I don't care whether Christine's goun' or not; *I* am. And you got to go with me, Mrs. Mandel."

"Well, there's a little difficulty," said Mrs. Mandel, with her unfailing dignity and politeness. "I haven't been asked, you know."

"Then what are we goun' to do?" demanded Mela, almost crossly. She was physically too amiable, she felt too well corporeally, ever to be quite cross. "She might 'a' knowed—well, *known*—we couldn't 'a' come alone, in New York. I don't see why we couldn't. I don't call it much of a invitation!"

"I suppose she thought you could come with your mother," Mrs. Mandel suggested.

"She didn't say anything about mother. Did she, Christine? Or, yes, she did, too. And I told her she couldn't git mother out. Don't you remember?"

"I didn't pay much attention," said Christine. "I wasn't certain we wanted to go."

"I reckon you wasn't goun' to let her see that we cared much," said Mela, half reproachful, half proud of this attitude of Christine. "Well, I don't see but what we got to stay at home." She laughed at this lame conclusion of the matter.

"Perhaps Mr. Conrad—you could very properly take him without an express invitation—" Mrs. Mandel began.

Conrad looked up in alarm and protest. "I—I don't think I could go that evening—"

"What's the reason?" his father broke in, harshly. "You're not such a sheep that you're afraid to go into company with your sisters? Or are you too good to go with them?"

"If it's to be anything like that night when them hussies come out and danced that way," said Mrs. Dryfoos, "I don't blame Coonrod for not wantun' to go. I never saw the beat of it."

Mela sent a yelling laugh across the table to her mother. "Well, I wish Miss Vance could 'a' heard that! Why, mother, did you think it was like the ballet?"

"Well, I didn't know, Mely child," said the old woman. "I didn't know *what* it was like. I hain't never been to one, and you can't be too keerful where you go, in a place like New York."

"What's the reason you can't go?" Dryfoos ignored the passage between his wife and daughter in making this demand of his son, with a sour face.

"I have an engagement, that night—it's one of our meetings—"

"I reckon you can let your meeting go for one night," said Dryfoos. "It can't be so important, as all that, that you must disappoint your sisters."

"I don't like to disappoint those poor creatures. They depend so much upon the meetings—"

"I reckon they can stand it for one night," said the old man. He added, "The poor ye have with you always."

"That's so, Coonrod," said his mother. "It's the Saviour's own words."

"Yes, mother. But they're not meant just as father used them."

"How do you know how they were meant? Or how I used them?" cried the father. "Now you just make your plans to go with the girls, Tuesday night. They can't go alone, and Mrs. Mandel can't go with them."

"Pshaw!" said Mela. "We don't want to take Conrad away from his meetun', do we, Chris?"

"I don't know," said Christine, in her high, fine voice. "They could get along without him for one night, as father says."

"Well, I'm not a-goun' to take him," said Mela. "Now, Mrs. Mandel, just think out some other way. Say! what's the reason we couldn't get somebody else to take us just as well? Ain't that rulable?"

"It would be allowable—"

"Allowable, I *mean*," Mela corrected herself.

"But it might look a little significant, unless it was some old family friend."

"Well, let's get Mr. Fulkerson to take us. He's the oldest family friend *we* got."

"I won't go with Mr. Fulkerson," said Christine, serenely.

"Why, I'm sure, Christine," her mother pleaded, "Mr. Fulkerson is a very good young man, and very nice appearun'."

Mela shouted, "He's ten times as pleasant as that old Mr. Beaton of Christine's!"

Christine made no effort to break the constraint that fell upon the table at this sally, but her father said: "Christine is right, Mela. It wouldn't do for you to go with any other young man. Conrad will go with you."

"I'm not certain I want to go, yet," said Christine.

"Well, settle that among yourselves. But if you want to go, your brother will go with you."

"Of course, Coonrod 'll go, if his sisters wants him to," the old woman pleaded. "I reckon it ain't a-goun' to be anything very bad; and if it is, Coonrod, why you can just git right up and come out."

"It will be all right, mother. And I will go, of course."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"There, now, I knowed you would, Coonrod. Now, fawther!" This appeal was to make the old man say something in recognition of Conrad's sacrifice.

"You'll always find," he said, "that it's those of your own household that have the first claim on you."

"That's so, Coonrod," urged his mother. "It's Bible truth. Your fawther ain't a perfesser, but he always read his Bible. Search the Scriptures. That's what it means."

"Laws!" cried Mely, "a body can see, easy enough from mother, where Conrad's wantun' to be a preacher comes from. I should 'a' thought she'd 'a' wanted to been one herself."

"Let your women keep silence in the churches," said the old woman solemnly.

"There you go again, mother! I guess if you was to say that to some of the lady ministers nowadays, you'd git yourself into trouble." Mela looked round for approval, and gurgled out a hoarse laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OUTPOST IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

DANGER everywhere—ahead of them, behind them, on all sides of them. Danger in that bunch of cottonwoods waving their feathery branches in the night breeze on the banks of the "creek," danger lurking on the trail through the cañon, the dark and rugged sides of which rise precipitately upward from the rough bowlder-strewn bed of the stream, rushing with gurgling and splash of angry waters toward the river away out on the plain beyond. Possible danger behind every rock and bush, in every coulée and dark-mouthed cavern. Behind them and below—down in the hollow, black with the shades of night—is the main command, the soldiers sleeping lying on their arms; the pack-mules are herded close together, no fires are burning, and everything seems still as death save for the roar of the stream and the soughing of the wind in the tree-tops. At every available point of approach to the camp the outposts—"outlying parties" they are called in this Indian campaigning—watch over the safety of their comrades. Here is no pacing up and down of "the sentry's lonely beat," no bayonets "gleaming in the moonlight"; but huddled close up to one another, wrapped in their overcoats and blankets, the little groups carefully hide themselves from view. One of their number lies prone on the ground or squats behind some pile of rocks, eyes searching through the darkness, ears attentive to the slightest sound.

Away over there in the east, far beyond the wide plain before them, the sky over the distant hills takes on a lighter hue, and objects close at hand become distinguishable one from the other. Brighter and brighter glow the heavens, and blacker by contrast looms the range of mountains on the horizon; the stars shine palely still, and a curving gleam of silver on the prairie marks the course of the rivulet as it reflects the sky in its clear waters. One by one the stars go out, rosy flushes glow on the edges of the low-lying clouds, and now a shaft of yellow light darts upward. The valley still lies in shadow, but the rocks up there where the sentry stands catch on their tips the glowing harbingers of approaching day. The lookout carefully conceals his rifle—no shaft of glancing light must strike the polished barrel to carry warning perhaps of the presence of the soldiers to a wary and suspicious enemy—and gazes out earnestly over the valley. He sees something over yonder—something vague and misty, a thin, almost imperceptible, vaporous line floating in the air against the now brilliant sky—between where he stands and the far-away mountains. Softly he calls the corporal, and together they eagerly look down into the valley. And now, with a burst of brilliant light darting away up to the zenith, the sun rises in all his splendor, covering the mountains with waves of golden glory, and chasing away the last lingering shadows of night from the surface of the plain. Yes! it *is* smoke, that faint blue vapor, and down there among the trees must lie the village of the savage foe.

A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.

IF there be a distinctly felt want on the part of any considerable section of the community that is not supplied (for money) by some enterprising person, the research, even of the newspaper reporter, who of necessity knows all things, has failed to disclose it. Moreover, it is difficult to recall an instance in which the enterprising person aforesaid, if he be lucky in his venture, does not encounter competition.

There be many men and some women who delight in catching fish, albeit very few discriminate between what may be called the fine art of angling and the plain, straightforward hauling up of finny food. Doubtless a fish is a fish, and a fisherman may be as conscientious a tax-payer and as good a juryman as an angler, and he who catches and keeps a sea-robin or a conger-eel may be entitled to esteem in other respects as well as he who lands a trout, a salmon, or a tarpon.

For him who delights in mere piscatorial slaughter, and who perchance has neither the means, the time, the tackle, nor the skill to pursue the game fish in his chosen haunts, there is ample provision made in the complex civilization of the great city. It need not be that he shall have rods and reels, and fancy hooks, and feather flies, and leaders, and things. All he requires is a dollar and a half and a day off. If it be so that nature has given him a strong stomach, so much the better. If not, he can suffer in company and be not ashamed.

Let such a one go early in the morning to Pier 6 on the banks of the mighty Hudson, and part with his half-dollar to a genial stentor who peddles tickets there. This simple ceremony will initiate him in the curious company of regulars who go, many of them every week, to the Fishing Banks, and there indulge in what is to them great sport. The boat on which he will embark is a comfortable excursion steam-boat, of fair size and the regulation pattern, which goes out daily during the season, from early spring till late autumn, on such trips. It is commanded by a skilled pilot, who has really the surname Foster, but whom everybody on board calls Al. Popular belief credits him with knowing every day just where the fish are in greatest numbers, and with being able to get to that particular spot, even out of sight of landmarks. His crew consists entirely of his brothers, who all look exactly alike, and the number of whom no man knows.

Every foot of space along the guards of each deck, the main, the upper, and the hurricane, is promptly pre-empted by some one of the passengers, who places his belongings—for most of them bring their own tackle and baskets—on a stool or on the deck, and then settles himself for a couple of hours of sociable chat. Marvellous captures of other days and the prospects for the present day's fishing are the two staples of conversation, and no formality of introduction is esteemed necessary to warrant addressing your neighbor. Your common aim puts you on an immediate equality with him, and, as you will at once find, democracy pure and simple rules on the boat, at least in form. Sandy Hook being passed, the skipper—of course he is a captain, but skipper seems to the observer a more appropriate title—calls for an expression of the popular will.

"All them as want to go to the Cholera Banks will say 'Ay,'" he roars on the main deck, loud enough to be heard half-way to shore. "If we go to the Cholera Banks we ain't certain o' finding it in this fog; and, gentlemen, if we go to the Cholera Banks I won't guarantee to find any sea-bass there; and, gentlemen, if we do go to the Cholera Banks and don't find it, and don't get any sea-bass, I won't return your money. All them as want to go to the Cholera Banks say 'Ay.'"

Then it seems to the inexperienced passenger that everybody shouts "Ay"; whereupon the skipper says, "Contrarily," and his rising inflection seeming to call for a response, everybody shouts "No."

Forms having been thus observed, the skipper does as he pleases, which is apparently satisfactory to every one. Whether or no the Cholera Banks are reached, the steamer comes to anchor, turns comfortably and promptly into the trough of the sea, and whether the water be rough or smooth, begins rolling sufficiently to send the weaker ones to the cabin or to the lee rail.

It is a motley throng, as Mr. Rogers's pencil shows, and as we look around for "types" to sketch with pen or pencil, the bewilderment of choosing grows. Perhaps a majority are Germans. More than half are past middle age. Nearly all are rough of tongue, and the fallacy of the saying, "If you swear, you won't catch fish," is amply proven; but there is seldom a fight, and never a serious one, though there is often provocation. What can be more provoking than to stand on the upper deck, throw out your line, have it get entangled in six other lines, and then for some impatient fisherman on the lower deck to cut your hook, bait, and sinker all loose in trying to untangle the snarl? This is occasionally though not often done.

Sunburned, sore of stomach, and perhaps of fingers too, the novice will get back to the city by five or six o'clock, with the experience gained of one day's enjoyment of a quaint and simple pleasure. He will have spent his dollar for a plain, hearty dinner, a line and hook and some bait, and he may, if he is lucky, have a string of strange swimming creatures, including his money's worth of good bass, weakfish, blue-fish, or cod. Moreover, he will have seen how curiously curious people take their pleasure.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN ATLANTA.

IN her streets and in her buildings Atlanta shows in a marked degree the influence that Georgia marble and granite are beginning to have on her architecture. The streets and even the country roads for several miles are paved with granite. The compactly built and granite-paved streets, with the heavy noise of the vehicles and the general solidity of things, attract the attention of new-comers. It does not give the impression of quick and irregular growth, for its corporate limit is a circle described about the central depot, with a radius of a mile and a half, and the population, having filled these seven and a half square miles with nearly uniform density, has overflowed its limits, and formed a cordon of interesting suburbs, to which street-car lines and more rapid forms of transit have been extended. At some remove from the bustle and din of the centre, people of means have sought the restfulness of stone, and it appears in pleasing variety on the further end of Peachtree and other streets.

The Georgia marble, with its wealth of color, appears occasionally in the finish of interiors, and this is particularly noticeable in the new Capitol and the Traders' Bank building. The shades of pink, blue, and gray are contrasted with fine effect, and their strong markings are occasionally matched in striking combination. The recent opening of suburban parks with rapid transit has given a new stimulus to the building of substantial residences, and in the architecture of the better class of these new homes granite will predominate.

THE NEW CAPITOL.

The completion within the limits of the million-dollar appropriation of a new Capitol in keeping with the dignity of the State, and the furnishing of it in elegance commensurate with the magnificence of the building itself, is the occasion of profound satisfaction and general congratulation among the people of Georgia. The architecture of the new building very much resembles that of the national Capitol, and its dimensions are ample for all the needs of the government. The length through the centre from north to south is 347 feet 5 inches, and from east to west through the portico its width is 272 feet 8½ inches. The ground-floor covers an acre and a quarter, and on the walls there are ten acres of plastering.

In the centre of the building, just back of the portico, the rotunda, 48 feet in diameter, rises from the first floor through the other stories to a height of 172 feet. To the north and south of this are the great light shafts, large rectangular courts 50 feet wide by 70 long, open from the first floor through the roof to the top of a rectangular lantern of the same size. The lantern is 12 feet high, and is walled in with a series of windows. Around the light shafts are the grand corridors, whose broad pavements are laid with white marble tiles. The offices of the Governor and other State officers are on the first floor, and the principal halls are on the second, rising to the top of the third story. The House of Representatives is in the portico directly over the main entrance, on the west side, and the Senate-Chamber is in a smaller portico on the east, just opposite the House. The State Library takes up the second and third stories entirely across the north end, and the Supreme Court room occupies the second story in the south. The rest of the third floor is taken up by the thirty committee rooms.

It is a matter of general regret among Georgians that Indiana oolitic limestone and not Georgia granite was used in building their magnificent new Capitol. There is no particular objection to the Indiana stone, though it bleaches in the summer and frowns again with the winter, but it was a matter of State pride that the structure should be built of Georgia material. The Capitol commissioners, who took up the work five years ago, found that they could not get either Georgia marble or Georgia granite within the $1,000,000 appropriation, and for fear that the legislators, who had voted this sum with reluctance, would reduce the amount or wipe it out entirely, an increase was not asked. So the Capitol was built of Indiana limestone, though Stone Mountain, only fifteen miles away, raises its granite sides in sullen protest.

There is some compensation to Georgians in the fact, recently made public, that less money was sent to Indiana for the limestone in the exterior than has been spent on the native marble tiles and wainscoting of the interior. Seventy thousand square feet, or more than an acre and a half, of white marble tiles have been laid in the halls and corridors. The white tile pavements are bordered along the walls with a twelve-inch strip of wavy blue, and from this the pink marble wainscoting rises four feet. This wainscoting is polished to the last degree, and about every twelve feet there are massive pilasters of the same material. The wood finish is in keeping, and the effect is one of palatial magnificence. The Governor's private office is finished in maple and his reception-room in cherry. The other offices are in oak. The hall of the House of Representatives and the State Library are finished in cherry, and the Senate-Chamber in oak. The painting of the House and Senate-Chamber and the other halls is a beautiful blending of delicate shades of yellow, gold, and buff in graceful designs, with tracings of other colors.

The heating is done by indirect radiators, which furnish 19,200 square feet of surface, and ventilation is kept up by means of an immense fan eight feet in diameter. Combination fixtures for gas or incandescent electric lights have been put in, and electric call bells are arranged. In addition to the broad stairways which take up so much room in the light shafts, there is a steam elevator near the rotunda. From the third floor a spiral stairway leads up to the dome and around it to the lantern. From the balcony around the base of the lantern, about 200 feet above ground, there is a fine panoramic view which takes in Stone Mountain in the east and Kennesaw on the north, and the naked eye reaches over the rolling country for miles beyond these landmarks.

When a million-dollar appropriation was made for a new Capitol and the plans had been adopted, it was generally predicted that the building would never be finished within that limit. Those who knew anything of the usual sequel to appropriations for great government buildings thought the cost would not be less than a million and a half or two millions. The commissioners, however, executed their trust with the same care that they give to their own affairs, and the structure, which was completed within the appropriation, is, by general consent of those who have seen it, the best million-dollar edifice in America. The Governor of the State is *ex officio* chairman of the commission, and it was organized during the administration of Governor H. D. McDaniel, and completed in the term of Governor Gordon. The commissioners are General E. P. Alexander, General Phil Cook, Hon. A. L. Miller, Hon. W. B. Thomas, and Hon. E. P. Howell, the last succeeding the late Hon. Benjamin F. Crane, who died in the first year of the commission's service. Edbrook & Burnham, of Chicago, are the architects. The bill for the appropriation was introduced in the Legislature by Hon. Frank Rice, of Atlanta. The furniture commission includes the Governor, Speaker Clay and Mr. J. S. Lamar of the House, President Du Bignon and Mr. Frank Rice of the Senate.

The Legislature at its December session appropriated $71,000 to furnish the Capitol, and a commission was appointed to expend that sum to the best advantage. Furniture in oak, cherry, and maple, to match the finish of the halls and offices, has been put in, and in the House and Senate the desks are of cherry and oak, with places for the member's umbrella, hat, and overcoat, and arranged so that his easy-chair may revolve to face different sides of the Chamber. The Governor's private office is a dream of beauty. Above is an ethereal blue, and under your feet the ashes-of-roses. The desk, table, chairs, window and door frames are of maple, and the furniture is upholstered with morocco. The adjoining reception-room, finished in cherry, with blue and écru carpet, rich reps and plush furniture, mahogany centre table, and chandelier of solid silver and bronze, is hardly less beautiful.

The Executive Department is provided with patent shelving, upon which heavy books of record lie flat on trucks which roll in and out of the shelves, so that the books may be handled with ease. Lying in that position, the heavy folios do not pull down from their binding, and it is said that in this position they will not burn sooner than an oak log.

The painting of the rotunda has been left for a time, and it is proposed to make it a pictorial representation of the events of Georgia history from the landing of Oglethorpe at Yamacraw to the present time, and this will doubtless have the effect of enlarging the gallery of life-size portraits of distinguished Georgians whose forms and faces on the walls of the House of Representatives give the incipient statesmen constant reminders that they must aim high or fall short of the standards of the past.

This is the first in any sense permanent seat of the government of Georgia. The little brick house occupied by the first Legislature after the evacuation of the British was still standing in Savannah a few years ago. From that Legislature's meeting till now the government has dwelt in tabernacles, and the occupation of a permanent Capitol is an event in the history of the State.

OTHER NOTABLE BUILDINGS.

Among the most important buildings of recent construction is the Girls' High-School, built last year on the spot where General Sherman established his head-quarters twenty-five years ago. It is the best of the school buildings, and its construction was on the most approved plan, adopted by the Board of Education after careful investigation of various systems of construction, heating, and ventilation. The cost was about $30,000.

The B'nai Brith Orphans' Asylum, completed and occupied the past spring, was built by the division of that order which extends from Washington city to Savannah. The fund was started two years ago, and since then $60,000 has been raised, and the building has been completed. It is now occupied, and accessions are coming in every month. The structure, situated on an eminence in a quiet suburb on the south side, is in the Moorish style of architecture, with the Oriental minaret rising near the centre of the front. The impression is one of picturesque beauty.

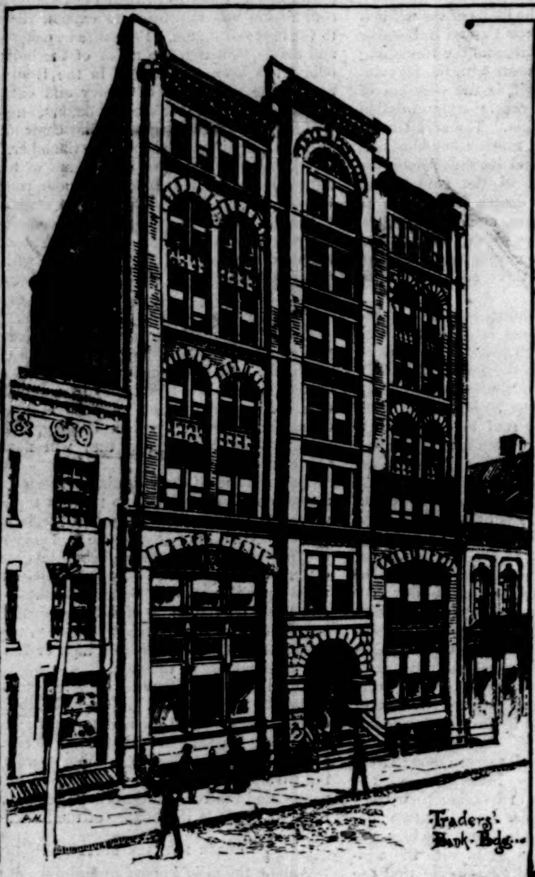
THE TECHNOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Next to the Capitol, the institution of which Georgians are most proud is the Technological School. It was built on a $65,000 appropriation by the Legislature, supplemented by a $70,000 donation by the city and citizens of Atlanta. The cut shows two buildings—the machine shop on the left and the academic building on the right. The shop runs back two hundred and fifty feet to a foundry where castings of brass and iron are made. The machinery is in every respect equal to that of any technical institute in the country. The arrangement of the shop is much like that of the Technological School at Worcester, Massachusetts, with such improvements as experience has suggested, and the mechanical department is in charge of Professor Milton P. Higgins, who has been for years in the Worcester shop. The boys, who now number 120, are divided into sections, so that each student spends twenty continuous hours a week in the shop, with no interval except for rest and sleep. At this time the most skilled of the boys are working on four hundred looms sent in for repair by Elsas May & Co.'s cotton factory. This work includes the making of a variety of light-geared wheels and various parts which require work of a good class. The students have recently done such work as the making of brass boxes for the journals of heavy machinery.

The President of the institution is Dr. Isaac S. Hopkins, long time president of Emory College, who established there the first technological school in the State. He is in immediate charge of the academic department, where a corps of professors teach those sciences which are part of the scheme of technology, together with a substantial English course. Dr. Hopkins himself is the teacher of physics, and has in his class-rooms an unusually large collection of apparatus, all of the newest pattern. He is a skilled mechanic, and has devoted his leisure moments to the construction of special apparatus in brass, steel, and iron.

At the entrance of the machine shop there are rooms for pattern drawing and office work. A system of accounts determines the cost of machines part by part, and trains the boys to make estimates as well as to make good work at a minimum cost.

In the construction, equipment, and organization of the Technological Institute the commission, composed of five of the best business men and manufacturers in the State, has exercised the same care and judgment that distinguished the Capitol commission's work. As an example of this, on a part of the fund which came into its hands before it was used in construction it accumulated $5000 from interest. The commission is composed of Mr. N. E. Harris, of Macon; Mr.


Traders' Bank Bldg.

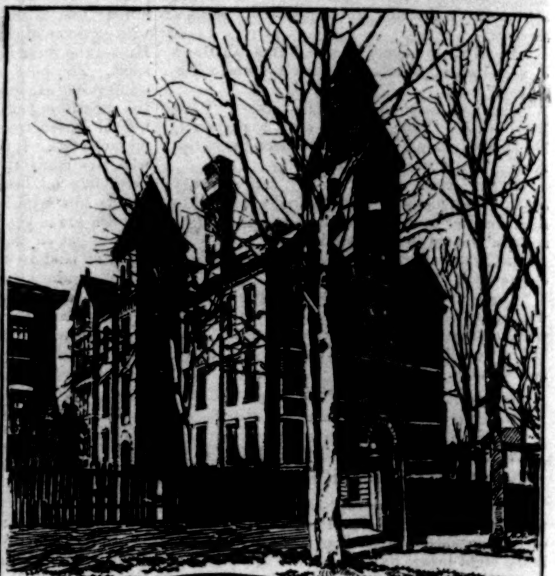
S. M. Inman, of Atlanta; Mr. E. R. Hodgson, of Athens; Mr. O. S. Porter, of Covington; and Mr. Columbus Heard, of Greensborough.

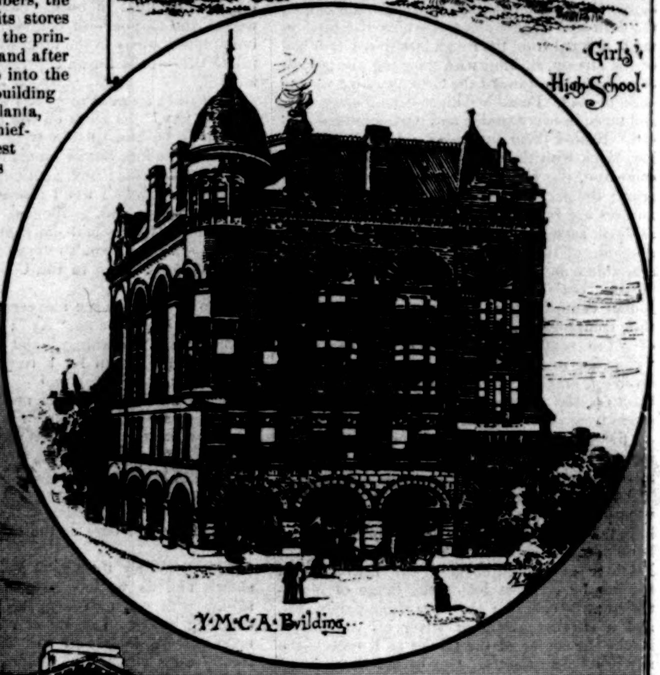
THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

The International Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Atlanta, in May, 1885, stirred up a degree of religious fervor which resulted in a movement to raise a building fund. The Atlanta *Constitution* started a list, and the fund was soon raised, and the handsome building shown in the illustration was completed and furnished in 1888, at a cost of $75,000. The first floor, besides the stores shown in front, accommodates the gymnasium, bowling-alley, and bath-rooms. The gymnasium apparatus is equal to the best of the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasiums, and the exercises are directed by a superintendent who was prepared for the work by a course of study in the Young Men's Christian Association train schools. Classes are arranged in the afternoon and evening to suit the convenience of business men or young men in school. The bath-rooms are tiled with marble, so laid that the water from the shower and spray baths runs away readily. The members are provided with lockers, in which articles of clothing are left during the exercises. Members, when they enter the gymnasium, are subjected to a physical examination, and the exercises are proportioned in each case to the strength and needs of the individual.

The second floor is devoted to the office of the secretary, the parlor, reading-room, and lecture-room. The last will seat 400, and on special occasions the double doors are rolled back so as to bring occupants of the reading-room and front hall within the audience. Besides this, there is on the third floor a concert hall, which will accommodate 800 people. These two halls were designed for the lecture course and concerts which are part of the attractions held out to young men by the association. In addition to the income from the dues of 600 members, the association receives from the rent of its stores $2000 a year, which goes to extinguish the principal and interest of $15,000 of bonds, and after accomplishing that in ten years will go into the treasury for general purposes. The building is the pride of the business men of Atlanta, to whose efforts and subscriptions it is chiefly due, and they have a sustained interest in the work of the association, which is conducted in a way that makes it wholesome and attractive to young men.

Prospective architecture is too large a subject to enter upon briefly. Atlanta is building more rapidly than at any time in her history, and the residences are notably of a better class, while the cottages of modest people grow up rapidly under the stimulus of numerous building and loan associations. The most important work now under way is the enlargement of the Custom-house, for which the last session of Congress provided by an appropriation of $120,000. The Confederate Soldiers' Home is to be erected on beautiful grounds near Grant Park. It will be a building somewhat in the style of the Luray Inn. The central building will be surrounded by a series of cottages, each of which is to have a small tract of something like five acres, and upon this land the old soldier, if he is able and so inclined, may find employment in the culture of fruits or flowers. A company having been organized for the distillation of perfumes, it is expected that the culture of flowers will be a considerable source of profit to the veterans.


Girls' High School.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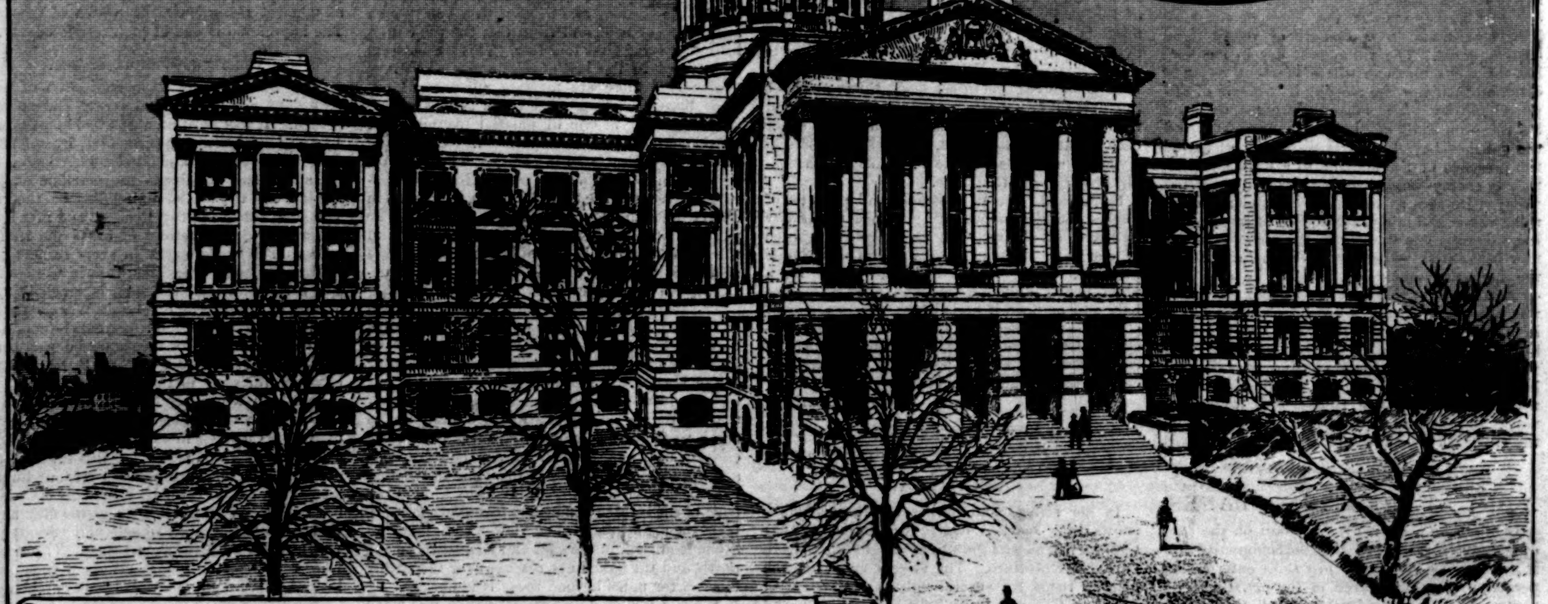
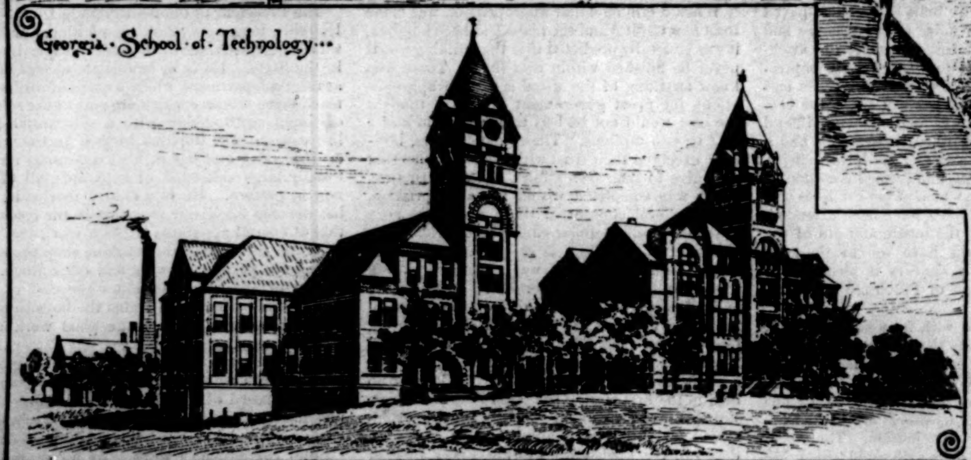
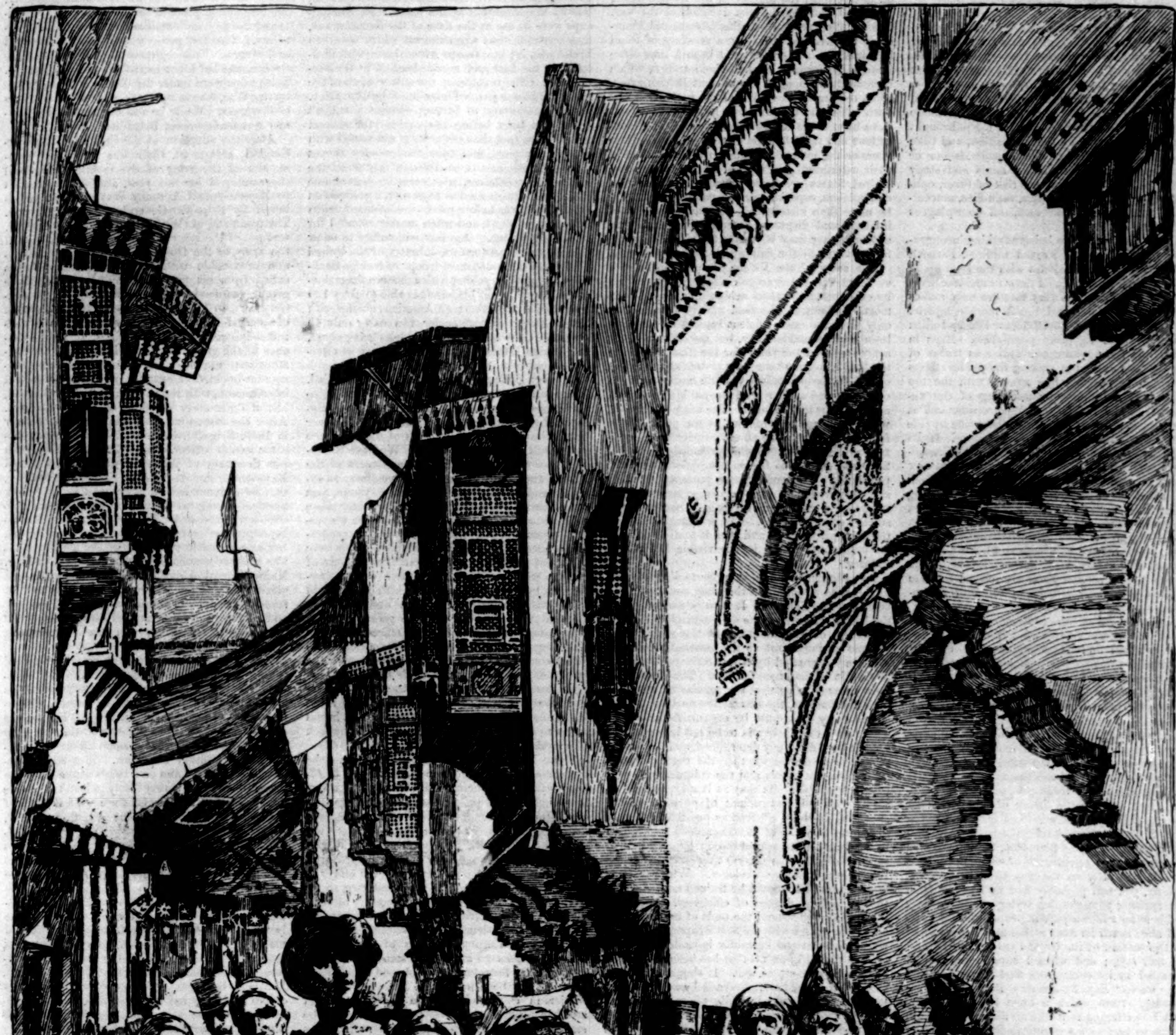

The Capitol.


Georgia School of Technology.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 623.]


F V Dumond
Paris 89

THE EGYPTIAN STREET AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

AN EGYPTIAN STREET IN THE EXPOSITION.

EGYPTIAN towns may be defined as islands of dirt in a sea of sand, and Arabi Pasha never proved his patriotism more truly than by assuring me, when I saw him in Ceylon last year, that he was pining to return to his own country—a country which most people pine to quit as soon as they enter it. So much the more fortunate are the good folks of Paris to have Egypt brought to their very doors by the Exposition, and (like the ingenious author of *Un Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*) to visit foreign lands and study foreign customs without any risk of fever, ophthalmia, sunstroke, crocodiles, sand-flies, murderers, hyenas, Turkish policemen, and other plagues of Egypt.

But so far from there being anything incongruous in the mixture of French soldiers, Parisian belles, and tall-hatted dudes with the high blank walls, grated windows, and deep tunnel-like archways of the East, this very mixture only makes the likeness to the real Egypt more complete. Alexandria, Ismailia, Port Said, are Franco-Italian towns with an Egyptian population. Even in Cairo and Suez, where one still sees traces of the Oriental custom of making the public streets as much as possible like sewers with the top taken off, the grotesque mingling of the ancient East and the modern West strikes one at every turn. Albert biscuits are sold side by side with the "baked meats" of the Pharaohs. Walls that looked down upon the march of the Crusaders are placarded with announcements of a new opera. Gaunt, shaggy, wild-eyed dervishes, whom any artist might paint for Elijah without altering a hair, rest their bare brown shoulders against telegraph poles. Desert Arabs, clad in the black camel-hair cloaks worn by the herdsmen of Abraham, stare through plate-glass windows at the "latest Paris fashions," and copies of *Monte Cristo* and *I Promessi Sposi* are offered for sale in front of a mosque built by the Moslem conquerors of the seventh century.

Nor are these strange contrasts confined to the cities. In every village market of the Upper Nile you will find "Chocolat Menier" figuring along with the parched corn and sticky, dusty, fly-spotted dates of the Soudan. As you look up at the grand, passionless faces of the stone giants of Abu-Simbel, the tomb-like silence is rudely broken by the popping of beer corks and the boisterous laughter of a crowd of cockney tourists brought thither by an excursion steamer from Assouan. More than once, on your way up to Khartoom, you will see the Arab huts on the bank patched with fragments of wooden packing cases bearing the stamp of a well-known English railway company. At Suez Landing you will find donkeys named "Gladstone," "Salisbury," "Parnell," or "Bismarck," being whacked without mercy by politicians of the opposite party. If you stop on the way back to visit the Sphinx, you will probably find in front of it an enterprising photographer trying vainly to "give to his sitter's face a pleasing expression." I myself once heard an Arab strike up "Not for Joe" on the summit of the Great Pyramid in true music hall style; and when I entered the burial-chamber in its centre, the first hieroglyphics I saw were, "Buy So-and-so's Beetle-destroying Powder," from which a huge Egyptian beetle that was clinging to it like an illustration fled in terror as fast as his countless legs would carry him the moment my candle gave him light enough to read the fatal inscription.—DAVID KER.

THE ARMY AND THE POLITICIANS.

THERE are some subjects which are very seldom discussed calmly and judiciously outside of professional literature. Among them are the decisions of courts of last resort in trials that arouse popular interest and the army. Many people, even in this enlightened age, do not understand the real purposes of the institutions which administer the extreme functions of the judicial and executive branches of the government. They would probably be astonished to learn that the two are for practically the same end—the settlement of disputes—and that notwithstanding the presumed learning and experience of the one and the power of the other, the first is not to be wholly trusted, nor the second to be wholly feared. Ideal justice is not to be expected from human judges, nor are armed men serving Teutonic institutions to be dreaded as the enemies of popular liberty.

The army has been treated by English and American civilians in fearful fashion, and from the earliest times English-speaking people have professed to dread their own soldiers more than the forces of their enemies. It is true that the liberties of England have seldom been endangered by its troops, and that the first standing army of the kingdom was organized after Oliver Cromwell had so utterly smashed kingcraft that the revival of the Stuart assertions of prerogative resulted in a change of dynasty. On this side of the water a century and a half ago the troops were used as if they were in a hostile country, but the quartering of soldiers in private houses was one of the grievances which led to the Revolution. When the outbreak came, the Continental Congress was strongly averse to raising an army for the united colonies. The war had been going on a long time before there were any troops in the field organized under national authority. Congress had the old fear about the standing army. The statesmen of the day were under the spell of the history of the Roman Empire in its decline and of continental feudalism. They did not discriminate between the armed hosts of a tyrant and the soldiers of a people. The lesson of the Swiss Guards and the National Guard of Paris had not yet been taught. Militia enlisted for short terms hampered Washington from the beginning until the arrival of the French allies, and greatly lengthened the duration of the war. The standing army which Englishmen and Americans have feared is largely a creature of timid imaginations. There has not been a time since Charles II. formed his household troops, which became the nucleus of the present British army, when the armed executive of the nation has not been subject to the laws. It is true that efforts have been made to use the troops against institutions and laws, but the attempt of James II. to overawe the citizens of London is illustrative of their weakness. The laws of England and of the United States are more powerful than armies, and soldiers, especially in this country, will never be more than instruments for the settlement of international disputes, generally in actual war, although they may be made formidable enough to avert war by the fear which they may inspire.

The army of the United States is so little in evidence that the average citizen seldom realizes its existence, and yet its achievements have been most excellent in the field and in peace. Not only have the most efficient leaders in our wars been professional soldiers, but the officers of the army surveyed the route for the first railroad to the Pacific, planned the jetty system at the mouth of the Mississippi before Captain Eads was heard of, channelled and bridged our navigable waters, and built our light-houses. The army has served, without the rewards of war, as the police of the frontier, and has made possible the existing civilization of the plains. Its 25,000 enlisted men and 2100 officers are so few in comparison with the population of the country, the posts are so many and scattered over such a vast extent of territory, that a uniform is rarely seen except in the smaller garrison towns. The army might be four times its present size and then it would not form an important feature in the visible life of the country.

It is the purpose of this paper to discuss some of the evils which affect the army and materially decrease its efficiency. It is to be assumed that the land forces constitute an essential part of the machinery of government, that the soldier may become as important as the marshal or sheriff. The army is created by law, and the presumption is that it is designed for use. The prevailing theory seems to be that the regular troops shall form the nucleus, the instructive nucleus, of any larger army that must be organized for actual war. How this theory is to be put into practice has not been definitely determined, and the future will have to decide whether the regular troops shall teach the militia and the volunteers by precept or example. Be that as it may, so long as we possess this instrument of government we should make it as efficient as possible. It may remain at the limit of 25,000 enlisted men, which is fixed in annual appropriation bills, or it may be increased to the 40,000 necessary to fill out the existing meagre skeleton. Whether it is large or small, it should be trained and educated to the highest degree of efficiency. It should thoroughly understand the tools of its trade. It should be armed with the best weapons that modern experience and ingenuity have devised. Its officers should know all that has been discovered concerning the art of war. It should be an organization of soldiers, governed by soldiers, and its discipline should be fully up to the highest standard. It is nearly impossible to imagine any one who will dispute these propositions, and yet there are law-makers in the country who apparently act on the principle that any army is good enough for a republic, and that the day for war has gone by. Perhaps it has. In that case the land and naval forces had better be disbanded; but so long as they exist they should be maintained at their best estate. There is no reason in the fact that we are a republic why we should conduct our affairs through the medium of ill-conditioned instruments. Whether or not we shall ever be at war again, we are certain of discovering that we have neighbors, and neighbors with a decided turn for controversy when they come to the conclusion that we have been infringing on their rights.

We are not now, however, considering whether we should have an army. The army exists, and is deserving of more care and less abuse than it receives. It is not the efficient body that it should be, and that this is true is largely due to both the neglect and the interference of the politicians who govern the country. It is too small to police the posts and to perform necessary military duties, or to afford a proper school for the instruction of its officers and men. It is not well armed. It is not governed by soldiers, but by civilians who know very little of what goes to the making of an efficient force, while many of them care less so long as they are able to advance their own interests by the abuse of anything so little in evidence as the army. Instead of being a menace to the liberties of the people, the standing army of the United States is the victim of the encroachments and usurpations of ignorant civilians. Whatever has been accomplished by the army, or whatever efficiency it possesses, is due to the intelligence and professional pride of its officers.

The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have already been informed of the poverty of the service in modern arms. The government is just beginning the manufacture of heavy ordnance, but there is not a single defensible fortification in the country. There are not the means of instructing the officers and troops in the use of modern arms or modern works of defence. A few light batteries have been made, but the new guns are steel, mounted on old-fashioned carriages, and they have yet to pass the trials of the artillery. The infantry of other countries are armed with magazine-guns; our own still carry the breech-loader of fifteen years ago. Our field-pieces are so old that gunners with modern armament can engage us efficiently at a distance far beyond our range, while many of our light cannon cannot be safely discharged. In muskets and rifles our troops have always been behind the inventors of the world. Percussion-caps were in use at the time of the Mexican war, and breech-loaders when the war of the rebellion broke out, yet our troops were armed with flint-locks in the first and muzzle-loaders in the second war. The revolver is the only weapon of the most approved pattern now used by the army. It is unnecessary to further discuss a subject which has been before the country for several years. The fact that the army is not armed with modern weapons, and that the country is not provided with means of defence, is due to the neglect of politicians, who seem to regard one man in uniform as good as any other, a proposition more nearly true before guns were invented, when swords were short, and when muscle counted for more than brains. One fact will suffice to show the difference between the infantry of the United States and the well-armed troops of foreign countries. A modern soldier with a modern magazine-gun of 30 calibre in his hands is able to carry 120 rounds of ammunition; an American soldier with his 45 calibre breech-loader can carry only 40 rounds. Consequently, other things being equal, the foreign infantry-man is three times as effective as our own.

All such difficulties as these can be remedied. It lies within the power of Congress to give to the troops proper arms, uniform, quarters, equipment of every kind, and the more the civil power leaves the details to the officers of the army, the better will be that equipment. We have the recent testimony of an officer of engineers of the British army, who was sent to this country to examine and report upon our military system, that the officers of the United States are very close students of all that is being done in the war establishments of the world; that our two preparatory academies at West Point and Annapolis have furnished to their respective services a body of experts who would astonish their own fellow-citizens by the rapidity with which they would repair their defective offensive and defensive material were the chance once given to them. The testimony of this English officer, who was searching for the truth for the information of his own government, is fully in agreement with the results of the observations made by other intelligent persons who have taken the trouble to investigate this interesting subject. There is no doubt that the army itself is doing all in its power to overcome the difficulties created by lack of material.

There is an evil, however, which cannot be overcome by the professional enthusiasm of officers—that fundamental and essential evil which is the influence of politicians in the management of military affairs. The power of the President over the two services is undoubted. He is their commander-in-chief; he can do as he will with them; he can manage their details if he desires, or he can leave the management to the officer in command. His immediate representative, so far as the army is concerned, is the Secretary of War, who is always a civilian, and generally has had no military experience. As a rule, he is not in sympathy with army methods of government. There has been an almost constant controversy between the Secretary of War and Head-quarters. It has been held more than once by the soldier in command that he represented and stood in place of the President in managing the strictly military affairs of the army. This has been denied, and it is probably true that the Secretary of War is unimportant in army matters until the President himself intervenes. His acts are those of the commander-in-chief of the army.

Whether the Secretary interferes in military details rests entirely within his discretion. The President and he may confine themselves wholly to the general relations of the army to the government. It is proper that they should supervise the expenditure of appropriations; that the President alone should exercise the general power over the forces as a political body. It is not usual that a civilian should interfere at all in the internal discipline of the army, and especially that subordinate officers should be able, through political or social influence, to defeat the purposes of their superiors. The truth is, however, that the office of the commanding general is subject to limitations that are injurious to discipline, and that the army, poor as it is in all that goes to the equipment of the modern soldier, would be very much better off were it not for the interference of the influential politician in what may be described as its private affairs.

A comparatively recent order issued by a Secretary of War is symptomatic of the conflict that is going on between civilians and soldiers for the command of the army. This order directed that no officer should remain away from his regiment on staff or other duty for a longer period than four years. This interference of the Secretary of War with the power of a general officer to appoint his own military family was of a piece with the conduct of the civilians whose military experience generally covers the four-year period during which they represent the President as commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the United States. Without inquiring into the merits of this particular order, it is only necessary to say that it offends against all the traditions of the army, and if there be a question, it is one which should be decided by the commanding general.

The army has always been under civil authority, and the power has been often abused. For a few months Washington had dictatorial powers, but they were delegated to him by the Continental Congress. That body ruled and hampered him during most of the war of the Revolution. In the first years of the struggle it acted directly; in the last years, through the Board of War and the Secretary at War.

In 1784 the troops were mustered out, twenty-five being retained at Fort Pitt and fifty-five at West Point to guard the stores. The ranking officer of this force was Captain John Doughty. As commanding officer of the army, he was allowed the pay and emoluments of a major of artillery. The first peace establishment consisted of 700 men. This regiment and army was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Harmer. The troops were under the direction of the Secretary at War, who in turn was subject to the orders of Congress. While he was on the frontier, Harmer was made brevet Brigadier-General.

After the adoption of the Constitution, Major-General Arthur St. Clair was appointed commander of the army of the frontier. He held the command for one year, and was succeeded by Major-General Anthony Wayne, who was followed by Brigadier-General James Wilkinson. The command of these officers, it will be noticed, was not of the army of the United States, but of the army of the frontier. In 1798, in anticipation of trouble with France, Washington was called from his retirement, and was once more given command, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1799 the Congress revived the rank of General for him, but President John Adams refused to confer it, on the ground that the existence of the grade was inconsistent with the constitutional authority of the President as commander-in-chief. Alexander Hamilton was second in command, with the rank of Inspector General, but the Secretary of War really commanded. After the disbandment of the provisional army in 1800, Brigadier-General Wilkinson again became senior officer. In 1812 Henry Dearborn was Secretary of War, and was also appointed Major-General. It was as Secretary, however, that he commanded the army, and in 1813 took the field on the northern frontier. When Jacob Brown was the senior Major-General, in 1821, his head-quarters were established at Washington, but he was not in command of the army. That was still the prerogative of the Secretary of War. Major-General Alexander Macomb was the first officer who was directed by the President to "assume command" of the army. But the President and Secretary of War have always exercised all the rights of command, even over the minutest details of military discipline.

The Adjutant-General of the army has a dual capacity. He is the adjutant of both the Secretary of War and the commanding general. This gives him an influence that is entirely disproportionate to his rank in our army. He has the ear and generally the confidence of the Secretary of War, who must rest on some officer in deciding purely military questions. In a conflict between the military and civil heads of the army the Adjutant-General is very likely to lean to the side of the Secretary. Instances are not unknown of differences originated by the Adjutant-General, who is enabled to defeat the will of his commanding officer by his influence with the President's personal representative. If the state of affairs which has existed at Head-quarters during the last ten years should obtain when the troops were in the field, the results would be most disastrous. The demoralization in time of peace is very great, but war would emphasize it and make it fatal. The immediate evil, what first appears on the surface, is the anomalous position of the soldier who is nominally in command, but who has less authority over the military forces and very much less initiative in the government of the army than the Major-Generals who are in command of the three divisions.

The interference of the Adjutant-General with the duties of his superior officer is only a slight incident of the exercise of supreme military power by the civil authority. Many old general staff officers are practically independent of the commanding general. It is not the ills that arise from this, if they are evils, that need the first application of a remedy. The radical evil is that the hand of the politician is in the army. The spoils system is not confined to the civil service; it pervades and enfeebles the military service; the logical result of the control over officers and men which is exercised by the President and Secretary is the power of political and social influence, of which the country has heard so much complaint. If the President or his Secretary will detail a subordinate officer to this or that duty, without regard to the wishes of his superior officers, why should not a Congressman or a leader of society ask details for their favorites? As a matter of fact, very many of the staff appointments and of the details to special duty are brought about through the solicitation of politicians and others who stand well with the administration.

If there is a vacancy in the Inspector-General's staff the captains of the line apply for the post through their friends in politics or society. One of the last persons whose opinion is asked is the head of the corps. Indeed, so often are their requests denied, that some heads of staff departments decline to ask for young officers whom they would be glad to have. Recently there was a vacancy on the general staff which was filled by the appointment of a totally unfit man. The head of the corps had repeatedly asked for a certain officer, who was distinguished for the ability with which he had performed every duty that had been assigned to him. President after President had treated his requests contemptuously, until he refused to make any recommendation whatever with reference to the selection of his own staff, which was, and is, loaded with incompetents. To cap the series of disastrous selections, came this appointment. The officer chosen was notorious for indolence and incompetency. He was known at every post as the "loafer of the army." But a near relative was an important man in the party, and the President gratified his friend and henchman without much apparent concern for the service of which the Constitution declared him to be the commander-in-chief. There are any number of officers on duty in Washington and in the larger cities who are simply the favorites of politicians. The work at Head-quarters very often requires special training and aptitude; but officers are detailed for it who have neither education nor inclination for their duties, and others who have the requirements must supplement them. This of course makes the number of officers on special duty very much larger than it ought to be. Long-continued service in the cities, away from troops, is very demoralizing to the army. One of the cleverest of our officers insists that all young officers of the general staff should, immediately on their appointment, be ordered to serve with troops, that they may acquire and prove their power to command. The military spirit and essential military knowledge are lost by service away from troops. There is a story extant of an assistant adjutant-general who had done duty for so many years at New York that one day when he met a cavalryman he asked to what arm of the service the man belonged; he did not recognize the distinguishing features of the uniform.

It is not generally known to what extent the Secretary of War has interfered with the *personnel* of the army. Not only has he interfered with the officers, sending them hither and thither without regard to the wishes of post and department commander or of the commanding general, but he has discharged enlisted men at his own volition, or in response to the request of influential politicians or the tears of mothers, wives, or other interested friends and relatives. One day the adjutant of an important post learned with surprise that his tenor drummer had been discharged. The man was in Washington on leave, made a request to the Secretary for discharge, and that functionary gratified the drummer without making any inquiry of the officers at the post. He did not know what was the condition of the man's enlistment, what charges, if any, were pending against him, or whether there existed any reason against granting the discharge. It is hardly necessary to point out the evils that must inevitably follow such government of the army. There cannot be the discipline which is found in every properly organized military establishment when a civilian does as he will with the officers and men, on his own motion or moved by some political or other outside pressure, without regard to the welfare of the army, and without thought of taking counsel of purely military considerations.

Another evil incident to the control of the army by politicians is found in the maintenance of posts that are too small to be of advantage to the service, but which cannot be abolished because the politicians of the locality protest. It is well known that the army is so small that it does not furnish sufficient material to the officers for the practice of their profession. There are not at any post enough men for the proper performance of police and military duties, and this is an evil which might be remedied by a concentration of the army at fewer posts. The army garrisons 113 posts, and there are a number of forts at important places which are not garrisoned. There are 430 companies, troops, and batteries—something more than three companies to a post. Last year there were 23,208 enlisted men, including musicians, farriers and blacksmiths, saddlers and wagoners. The fighting force was less than 21,000 men, or about 50 to the company. It may be accepted as true that a four-company post is the smallest that should be maintained, and that each company in time of peace should number at least 100 men. If the number of posts were reduced one-half and the average garrison doubled, it would be possible for the officers and men to drill in something more advanced than company tactics. There are officers and men in the United States army who for years have performed nothing but company duties. There are some companies so small that there are not more than men enough to do police and fatigue duty. An important percentage of the enlisted men of the army devote most of their time to the work of laborers, and there is no doubt that a large number of desertions may be accounted for by the fact that the soldiers resent the constant imposition of uncongenial tasks. There are several posts in the army at which are stationed fewer than 45 enlisted men, and there are a number of artillery posts at which drill in the heavy guns cannot be conducted because there are not enough available men to handle the pieces.

As has been stated, four companies constitute the smallest unit that will work well as a garrison. It is the smallest number of companies that will make a battalion. The troops that are stationed at one, two, and three company posts are simply wasted. They do no good to themselves or to the country. And yet there are only fifty-two posts in the army of more than three companies each. More than half the posts are not only useless, but consume troops that are needed elsewhere. Of the 430 companies in the army, 113, more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole force, are so distributed and divided that they cannot perform military duties or receive military instruction.

There is no necessity for this, and this inordinately large number of posts is not due to mismanagement by the army. Military posts are supposed to be of some benefit to the community in which they are situated, and, as a rule, any proposition to reduce their number is defeated by the interference of the civil authority. Senators and Representatives insist that the army shall be governed in accordance with what they regard as the interests of their constituents. A few illustrations will suffice to indicate why our small army is so widely scattered.

Fort McDermit is in Nevada. The nearest town is Winnemucca, seventy-eight miles distant. It is a one-company post, the company having thirty-six enlisted men. It is absolutely useless to the government, and demoralizing to the troops stationed there. Every attempt to break it up by the commander of the army has failed because the Nevada Senators have said, "There is only one post in Nevada, and we are going to keep it." To that intention thirty-six men and three officers are sacrificed.

There is a two-company post in southern Oregon, situated in the mountains, far from civilization. The lands about the place are barren, and the nearest town is nearly a hundred miles away. The Inspector-General recommended again and again that the post be broken up. Finally the necessary orders were given. One company had left, and the other was in wagons ready to start, when an order arrived directing that the post should not be abandoned. The local politicians had succeeded in defeating the Inspector-General, because the post afforded a good market for the garden-farmers of the surrounding country.

Fort Bennett, Dakota, is another post maintained through political influence to the injury of the service. It is in the Cheyenne agency, and fifty-five men and two officers are wasted there, for it is absolutely injurious to the army. The Inspector-General tried to break it up. He was aided by General Terry when he was in command of the division, but all efforts were unavailing. On investigation it was learned that the troops were retained at Fort Bennett at the request of the Indian agent, who had political influence. This gentleman wrote to the Interior Department that his agency was lonely, and that if the military company was removed his family would be deprived of the delights of the society of the officers.

These cases are hardly credible, but they are of record, and are a very few of many. A full account of the politicians as commanders of the army of the United States would be an interesting addition to current humorous literature were the subject not so serious and important. Whatever of discipline remains in the service, whatever of efficiency there is, exist in spite of the interference of the President and the Secretary in the details and with the *personnel* of the force. So long as the President confines his functions to their proper sphere, his office gives him a wholesome power which must be held by the chief magistrate of every government, monarchy or republic; but when he takes the active command of the troops, either personally or through his Secretary of War, he not only assumes duties of which he has very little knowledge, but he invites his friends to share with him in the military patronage. The army and navy, quite as much as the civil service, require to be protected against the unregulated control of the President, for that means the control of the politicians. Any politician who has the President's ear has a more potent voice in the detail of officers and the transfer and location of troops than Major-General Schofield.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

I.—A GROUP OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Who does not know of Chauncey Mitchell Depew? Only fifty-five years old, he has for twenty-five years steadily refused political preferment which has again and again been urged upon him, and despite this abnegation he has become one of the foremost figures of contemporaneous history. In 1865 he was appointed and confirmed United States Minister to Japan, but after a month of deliberation resigned the office. Last year he was the choice of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention as candidate for President, but refused to allow his name to be pushed, fearing that the granger vote would defeat the party if a railroad man were nominated.

Nevertheless Mr. Depew's life has been full of such honors as are rarely attained. He was born in Peekskill in 1834, graduated at Yale College with high honors in 1856, and was admitted to the bar in 1858, having studied law in the office of the Hon. William Nelson. His early and brilliant political career was the result of his active work in the organization of the Republican party, of which he has been a prominent member ever since its formation. His success was doubtless due to the same gifts of keen, accurate judgment and rare eloquence which have won distinction for him in so many other ways. His own explanation of it is more modest. He says it is because he is always at work, excepting when he is asleep. He has no idle moments, and only within a short time has he found it necessary to devote one hour a day to physical exercise.

Unquestionably he must have had himself in mind when he said in one of his addresses: "There is not at this hour in public life a single recognized and undisputed leader of a great party or the progenitor of accepted ideas. The *Congressional Record* is a morass of crudity and words, whose boundless area and fathomless depths none have the courage to explore. The Washingtons, Adamses, and Jays of the first period; the Hamiltons, Jeffersons, and Madisons of the second; the Websters, Clays, and Calhouns of the third; and the Sewards, Sumners, Chases, and Lincolns of the fourth—have no successors of equal power and influence. The debates of to-day are unread, but the utterances of these statesmen were the oracles of millions. Has the talent which made these men eminent died out? Oh no! It is practising law, editing newspapers, managing manufactures, mines, and commerce, building railroads, and directing transportation."

Early in life Mr. Depew was fortunate enough to win the friendship and entire confidence of Commodore Vanderbilt. It proved to be a stepping-stone to his remarkable business career, the result of which is that he now manages and controls more millions of capital than can easily be reckoned. It is, in fact, impossible to say how many.

In 1866 he was appointed attorney for the Harlem Railroad. In 1870 he became attorney for the New York Central and Hudson River. Six years later he was general counsel and Vice-President of the latter company, and in 1885 he became its President. This position he still holds. In 1887 he was chosen President of the West Shore road as well. He is also a director on the boards of more than half a dozen other roads.

Of the many other positions of honor which he fills it is only possible in this brief sketch to specify a few. He is regent of the University of the State of New York. He has been four times elected president of the Union League Club, and has been for many years president of the Yale Alumni Association. He was made LL.D. by Yale in 1887. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital and of numerous charitable institutions, a director in the Equitable Life-assurance Company, the Union Trust Company, and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

It is not easy to describe adequately a man who must of necessity be so many-sided and brilliant as he who has done so much. Some of his leading characteristics, however, are indicative of the secret of his success. He is exceedingly quick, never seeming to hesitate in judgment, and always ready in argument or repartee. He is eminently judicial, seeing all sides of a question at once, and selecting the right side with a promptness that indicates intuitive wisdom. He is unusually cultured, having been a great reader of books and men, and rarely forgetting what he has once learned. He is genial, urbane, and large-hearted, seldom failing to win the warm regard of any person who comes in contact with him, and is always ready to do a kindness for a friend or a stranger. He is a man of inflexible principles, and has never been known to sacrifice what he considers right to any rule of expediency.

In addition to all this, Mr. Depew has the gift of personal magnetism that serves him equally well on the "stump," the rostrum, at the dinner table, or in the parlor. Socially he is a favorite everywhere, and he finds ample time for the claims of society, as of everything else that suits his catholic taste. As he is never idle, so he is never hurried, and no reasonable demand on his time or attention is ever slighted.

It is perhaps in the capacity of orator that Mr. Depew will be longest remembered, and his oratory must be heard to be appreciated. He is easy in manner, forceful in argument, and brilliantly witty. He has been for many years a favorite speaker on all public occasions in New York—perhaps it is not too much to say the favorite speaker.

It would be too much to describe such a man as being domestic in habit or taste, but any one who has seen Mr. Depew in his own home will appreciate that his greatest happiness seems to be found in his own family. He married in 1871 Miss Elise Hegeman, and their only child, a son, is Mr. Depew's greatest pride.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

"The service of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a clear civil service," said Mr. George B. Roberts, the other day. "Under our rules no man has any question as to retaining his position so long as he is capable and properly performs the duties required of him, nor need he fear that he will be overlooked whenever an opportunity for promotion occurs. And I do not believe there is a man in the service who has not a feeling of intense pride in its excellence."

No better example of the truth of these words could be found than the career of the man who spoke them. Nearly all his active business life has been devoted to the interests of the great railroad, from the time when, in the spring of 1851, he secured a place as rod-man in the party surveying the Alleghany Mountain division of the road to the present time, when he has been for just nine years its President.

Mr. Roberts does not at first sight impress the careless observer as a man of sufficient force or ability to have had such a career as he has had. Modest and very quiet in his manner, he seems almost too deliberative and calm to have ever accomplished what he has done. It is only necessary, however, to talk with him for a few minutes to see that his deliberation is never likely to be hesitation, and that his calm is that of great strength and force. Above all, there seems to be a perfect balance of powers in his mental make-up, wherein no quality seems to be conspicuously developed above others, but all are of extraordinary clearness, precision, and force. His picture gives no hint of the greatness of the man, but his quiet, easy conversation betrays it all.

He is born of a family originally Welsh, but for more than two hundred years resident in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Thither his forefather, the then head of the house, went in November, 1683, and bought the property which has been the Roberts homestead ever since. No deeds to this land have ever been made out since the original ones in the seventeenth century, and the room in which Mr. Roberts was born on June 15, 1833, was the same one in which all the children of the house have been born since that early date. The old house is his homestead now, where he spends the most of the year with his family. It will descend doubtless to one of his children. He has a wife and six children, four of whom are sons.

He was educated in the Troy Polytechnic Institute, and graduated from there in 1850. Being yet a mere boy, however, and ambitious for a thorough training in his chosen profession of engineering, he returned to the school for a post-graduate course, and remained there till the following year.

Beginning, as was said, as a rod-man, his promotion in the engineering corps was rapid, and for a few years he remained with the Pennsylvania, actively engaged in the work of original construction, which that company was then pushing so energetically. He then went with the Philadelphia and Erie for a time, and then with other roads both in and out of the "system" now dominated by the great corporation of which he is the head.

His conspicuous ability was marked by Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, then President of the Pennsylvania, and in a few years Mr. Roberts was induced to return to that company, where he has remained ever since. Mr. Thomson employed him actively in the management of the company, and when Colonel Thomas Scott, then Vice-President of the company, was called to Washington in 1862 to become Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Thomson appointed Mr. Roberts his own assistant. In May, 1869, he became fourth Vice-President; in March, 1873, second Vice-President; and in June, 1874, on the death of Mr. Thomson and the accession of Colonel Scott to the Presidency, Mr. Roberts was elected first Vice-President. Only one step in the service remained, and this was taken in June, 1880, when the rod-man of twenty-nine years before became the President of the road.

Steady promotion in such strides as these was not to be won by engineering ability alone, and Mr. Roberts was early marked, not only for his executive gifts in management, but for his diplomatic powers. Under the administration of Mr. Thomson the policy of the company was directed toward securing a control of the various minor roads which now make up the "system" by which the Pennsylvania Railroad dominates the transportation business in its own territory. The securing of this called for much careful negotiation, and in this Mr. Roberts distinguished himself by almost invariable success.

He says of himself that almost his whole life, outside of his home, has been given to the managing and construction of railroads. He has little taste for society, and is not at all a club man. "I have joined two or three clubs," he said, "which I believe I have never visited once." He is a member of an Episcopal Church, though he was born in the Society of Friends, but in church matters he has never allowed himself to be made a prominent figure. Neither has he permitted the use of his name in business enterprises outside of railroading—such as insurance companies, banks, and the like. He is President of several of the larger companies whose roads are comprised in the Pennsylvania system, and a director in nearly all of the minor ones, but in no other business enterprises. He is, however, a trustee of the estate of Mr. Thomson, which was all left to charitable purposes after the death of his widow. He is also one of the managers of the Burd Orphan Asylum.

Personally, Mr. Roberts is not a man of colossal fortune, though he is sufficiently rich. The many millions he controls are not his own. He is young in appearance considering his real age, and seems likely to continue in active business for a score of years more.

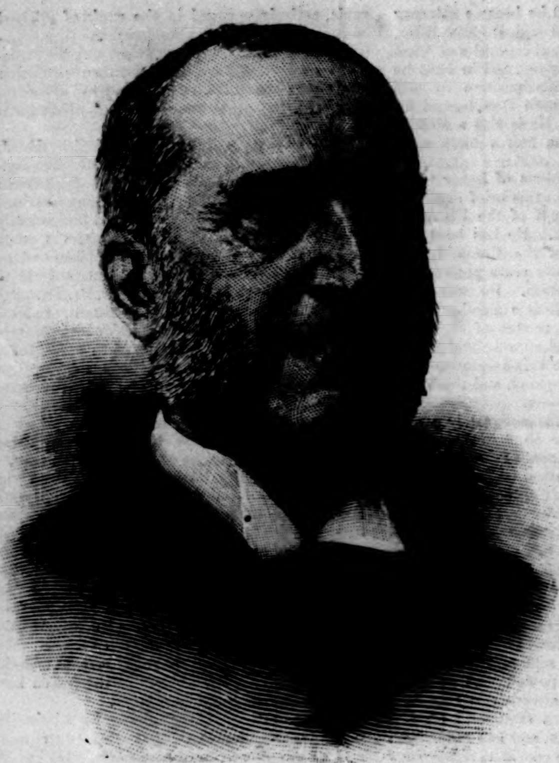
AUSTIN CORBIN.

If it were necessary to indicate by a single word the secret of the success of the King of Long Island, as Austin Corbin is sometimes called, the best word to use would be aggressiveness. Like certain men in the prize-ring who force every antagonist into defensive warfare, so Mr. Corbin seems always to be getting after the other man so vigorously that the other man has no opportunity to get after him. It is this qualification perhaps more than any other which has changed the young man, who in 1847 gratified his ambition by publishing a novel, to the railroad magnate and banker of to-day, who has a hundred interests of many diverse kinds, and who controls, aside from his own great fortune, the invested millions of other owners.

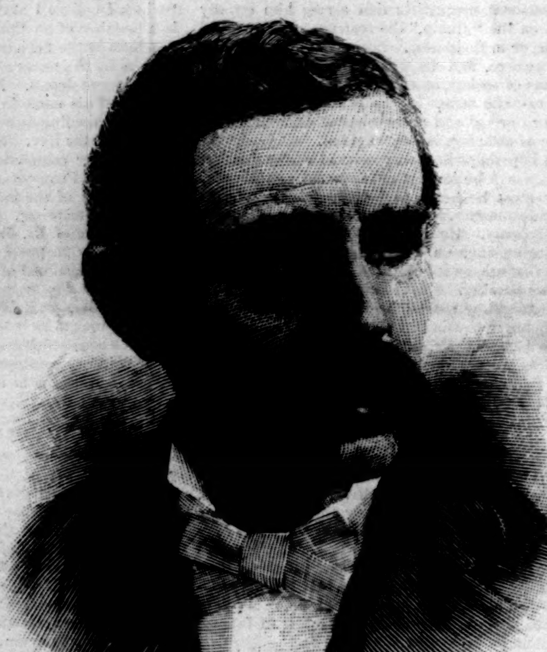
Mr. Corbin was born in Newport, Rhode Island, on July 11, 1827. He studied law with Chief-Justice Cushing of New Hampshire and Governor Metcalf of Rhode Island, and finished the course at the Harvard Law School, where he received his degree in 1849. He practised awhile at home, but in 1851 he removed to Davenport, Iowa, where he remained until 1865. He was successful as a lawyer, but did not practise long. In 1854 he became a partner in the banking firm of Macklot & Corbin, which was the only concern of the kind in Davenport which did not suspend payment in the financial panic of 1857. With the prestige thus earned, Mr. Corbin was enabled to organize the first national bank which began business under the National Currency Act of 1863. One result of the successful operation of that bank was that Mr. Corbin was enabled in 1865 to come to New York with a handsome fortune. His coming, however, was only a step in his career. He founded the Corbin Banking Company, and with that as a means he has acquired interest after interest, until to-day he is fairly to be called one of the leading men in railroad and various other matters.

The development of Coney Island into a great fashionable summer resort first brought him into general prominence. For many years that famous beach had been given over to the lowest and most depraved characters. Its condition was such that scarcely any one dared to remain within its borders after nightfall. Its western half was a pandemonium, its eastern a dreary waste. In 1873, Mr. Corbin, while spending a week in the neighborhood, saw and appreciated the remarkable natural advantages of the place as a summer resort. In the following three years he had succeeded in purchasing a large portion of the island. In 1878 he opened both a new railway system from New York to his property and a great hotel on its ocean front.

Both road and hotel sprang into instant popularity, and rewarded their founder and his associates to a degree that was almost unparalleled. Subsequent improvements still further increased the popularity and pecuniary value of Manhattan



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER R.R.—From a Photograph by Fredericks.

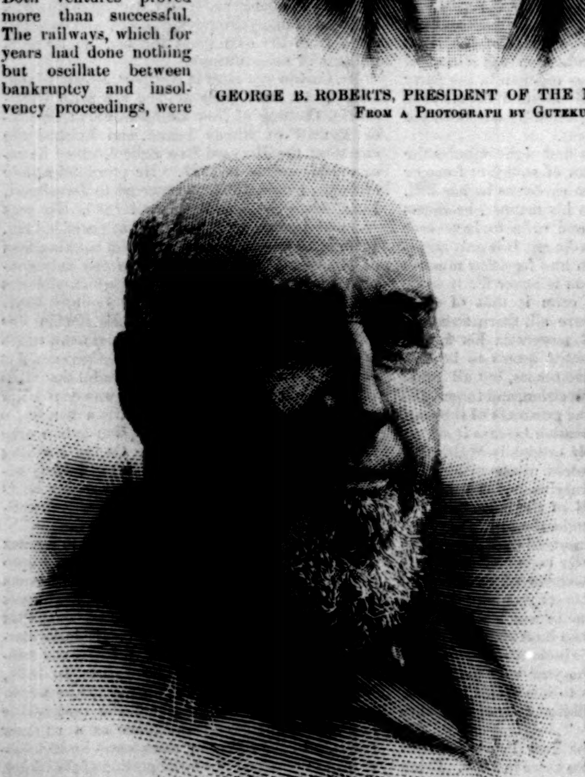


GEORGE B. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA R.R. From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

Beach, until it became, as it has since remained, one of the best paying properties of its class upon the American coast.

Immediately following his success with Coney Island, Mr. Corbin turned his attention to Long Island and the Long Island railroads. This great territory, despite its wonderful beauty and healthfulness, its proximity to New York, and its natural availability to be the home of a great population, had been so overlooked and neglected as to be practically a *terra incognita* to the outside world. Its roads were disgraceful, and its railways a laughing-stock to the general public and a burden to its people. Mr. Corbin secured control of the railroads on the one side, taking the position of President, and on the other organized a vast scheme whereby the island was to be developed into a territory of homes, hotels, and clubs. Both ventures proved more than successful. The railways, which for years had done nothing but oscillate between bankruptcy and insolvency proceedings, were amalgamated into one system. This was so ably managed as to become remunerative to its owners and a source of prosperity to the entire island. The other scheme was equally prosperous. Babylon, Patchogue, Shelter Island, and the smaller communities became thriving towns, with an increase in wealth and population such as had never been dreamed of by its former citizens. So rapid has been the development of Long Island under the Corbin régime that it has been found necessary to establish new ferries and other lines of communication between it and its neighbors. Beyond this it is now proposed to connect it at the Brooklyn end with tunnels and bridges between that city on the one side and New York and Jersey City on the other.

Mr. Corbin's latest public achievement was the rehabilitation of the great Reading Railroad of Pennsylvania. This had been bankrupt so long that its condition seemed hopeless. Under his presidency it has steadily risen, and now seems to be approaching the prosperity which once marked its career.



AUSTIN CORBIN, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R., AND OF THE LONG ISLAND R.R.—From a Photo. by Sarony.

Personally, Mr. Corbin is remarkably well preserved, the gray in his hair and beard being the only visible indication of his years. He is large, athletic, and active, moving like a man of thirty. Prompt and decisive, he is somewhat arbitrary in his government, but eminently just in his treatment of his armies of employés. Impetuous and somewhat brusque in his manner, he has the faculty of winning not only loyalty, but esteem, from those who come in close contact with him, and he earns respect by the jealous pride with which he regards his commercial honor.

He was married in 1853 to Miss Hannah M. Wheeler, and has had several children. His oldest daughter married M. Champollion, a grandson of the famous Egyptologist. Two younger daughters have been prominent in society here. His city and country residences are both hospitably open to a multitude of friends, and Mr. Corbin, as a host, appears at his very best.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

The money market has remained easy during the past week, and for a couple of days demand loans have been even easier than they were, with 3 per cent. a full rate; and this although three millions of gold were shipped to Paris on Saturday, and the Treasury has steadily withdrawn money from circulation. The bank statement of Saturday showed a small gain in surplus reserve, due to repayment of loans, as was the case the previous week. The domestic exchanges were, on the whole, favorable to this city. The monetary position is therefore unchanged on the surface, and the stillness of a midsummer market tends to make people careless about the inevitable demands which will come with the active moving of the crops. The reports from the latter are at least as favorable as they were a week ago, and European advices confirm the belief that a good export trade awaits us. In fact speculative orders for grain have already arrived from Europe, showing confidence in a coming export demand—orders which are quite likely to be followed by similar orders for railroad stocks, which should benefit by the anticipated movement. The stock-market is the natural place for such orders, and will probably vindicate itself in this respect when activity sets in again.

The reports of trade generally show no falling off, and certainly no abatement of the very general belief that the second half of the year will be busy and prosperous. The iron trade seems to be distinctly better, and the coal trade is improving. Railroad traffic in most cases repeats the story of increased gross earnings, though the Chicago and Northwestern for June, and the St. Paul road for the expired portion of July, show a falling off. The net results in these cases, however, very easily show an increase, and are, we believe, expected to do so. The losses of the Pennsylvania Railroad by the June floods are now valued and charged off, and the company's business at present is declared to be greater than before the Johnstown disaster, while it is already assumed that the October dividend will be paid as usual, any deficiency being taken out of the surplus account. And in this connection it is satisfactory to know that the great steel works at Johnstown are again employed to their full capacity, so energetic has been the work of restoration and so favorable the conditions of the trade.

The detailed information as to the course of affairs in the various branches of trade and industry is so voluminous that it is fortunate there is a summary method of forming some conclusions on the subject. At present the railroad movement is the readiest means of measurement, and it would have a greater value than it has if tonnage were reported as fully as gross earnings. Combining tonnage and receipts as well as the various reports permit, we get the best indication now attainable of the course of trade—better than that afforded by the statements of bank clearings, useful as those are, because the movement at bank includes a large and uncertain amount of purely speculative transactions, in which one piece of property figures many times, which is not the case with the actual transportation of property. And it will, we think, be conceded that the current railroad returns attest a satisfactory degree of activity in legitimate trade, particularly when the season of the year is taken into account.

The discussion of such points is, of course, carried on more actively in the stock-market than elsewhere, because the business of that market is with securities which are constantly open to their influence, and are designed for lasting use as investments, not for consumption as commodities. The business in stocks may be dull, as it has been for some time, but discussion about them, as they are affected by events more or less closely related to them, is unceasing, and continually influences selling and buying. The net result on prices for the past week is slight; Atchison is down about 2 per cent., and has depressed Missouri Pacific half as much; Western and Northwestern stocks are rather firmer, St. Paul gaining a full point; most other stocks are steady, and Reading and Lackawanna, the most active of the coal railroads, are down a trifle more than 1 per cent. At the same time the open speculation for a decline, carried on by means of borrowed stocks, seems at least as large as it was a week ago. But no progress has been made in the threatened disintegration of railroad associations, while there is evidence that the Chicago and Alton road, though it remains outside of the Inter-State Association, is maintaining rates firmly.

Stocks were depressed for a time this morning by the failure of a large dry-goods house, long established in Philadelphia and New York, but the conclusion was soon arrived at that the failure was due to causes peculiar to the house, and not to general conditions of business.

The low reserves of the New York banks naturally lead, in view of the coming season of active trade, to a consideration of the Treasury surplus, which is again larger this week. So long as this surplus exists, the Treasury is the Rome to which all roads lead. Secretary Windom is quoted as saying that forty-three millions of this surplus are already in the hands of the people, the government deposits in national banks reaching that sum. They are and they are not. These deposits are only a loan, terminable at the option of lender or borrower, and thus they differ greatly from money actually paid out by the Treasury for its expenditures or for bonds purchased. The Treasury deposits mitigate the injury done to trade by the surplus, but they do not take the place of a final liquidation of the surplus. What is needed is that the available balance should be distributed by purchase of bonds, until the day arrives, should we live to see it, when Congress has cut down the government's income to match its expenses.

H. J. Macdonald.

New York, *Thursday evening, July 25*, 1889.

AMONG ERRORS RUINOUS TO HEALTH.

One of the most mischievous and most common is the indiscriminate and too frequent use of purgatives. Such medicines, if well chosen and seasonably resorted to, are certainly useful, but many persons select the worst, fly from one to the other, and employ them when there is no occasion, or their utility has ceased. To establish on a permanent basis a regular condition of the bowels, the finest alterative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is botanic in origin, and a safe succedaneum for those objectionable drugs, calomel and blue pill; it does not gripe or drench the bowels like the ordinary evacuents, and it not only reforms irregularity of the habit of body, but remedies the disorder and inactivity of the liver and stomach, which usually accompany that condition. Rheumatism, kidney trouble, malarial complaint, and nervousness are removed by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

STOP-OFF
AT CRESSON SPRINGS ON PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TICKET.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that passengers holding first-class limited tickets of any description will be allowed to stop over at Cresson Springs, during the season, as long as desired, up to October 31st.

In order to avail themselves of this privilege, passengers should notify the train conductor of their intention to break the journey at Cresson, and immediately upon arrival should deposit their tickets with the company's agent at Cresson.

This concession is greatly appreciated by through passengers, as it enables them to become acquainted with one of the most delightful mountain resorts in the country. All through passenger trains, including the celebrated New York and Chicago Limited Express, stop at Cresson during the season.—[*Adv.*]

HALF-RATE EXCURSIONS.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway offers exceptional opportunities for an inspection of the cheap lands and growing business centres of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Colorado, and the far West and Northwest, by a series of Harvest Excursions, for which tickets will be sold at half rates, or one fare for the round trip. Excursions leave Chicago, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. For full particulars address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Illinois.—[*Adv.*]

FLOOD SCENERY ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A new interest is added to the scenic attractions of the Pennsylvania Railroad since the great flood. The line follows the track of the flood in both the Juniata and Conemaugh valleys, and the full effect of the devastation is seen from the passing train. The New York and Chicago Limited leaving New York at 9 a.m., the Western Express at 6:30 p.m., and the Pacific Express at 8 p.m., all afford a daylight ride through this region.—[*Adv.*]

A leading New York physician says: "I have used Nicholson's Liquid Bread with especially good results in a number of cases of extreme nervous prostration."—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Thousands have been relieved of indigestion and loss of appetite by a single bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The use of this medicine, by giving tone and strength to the assimilative organs, has made innumerable cures of chronic dyspepsia. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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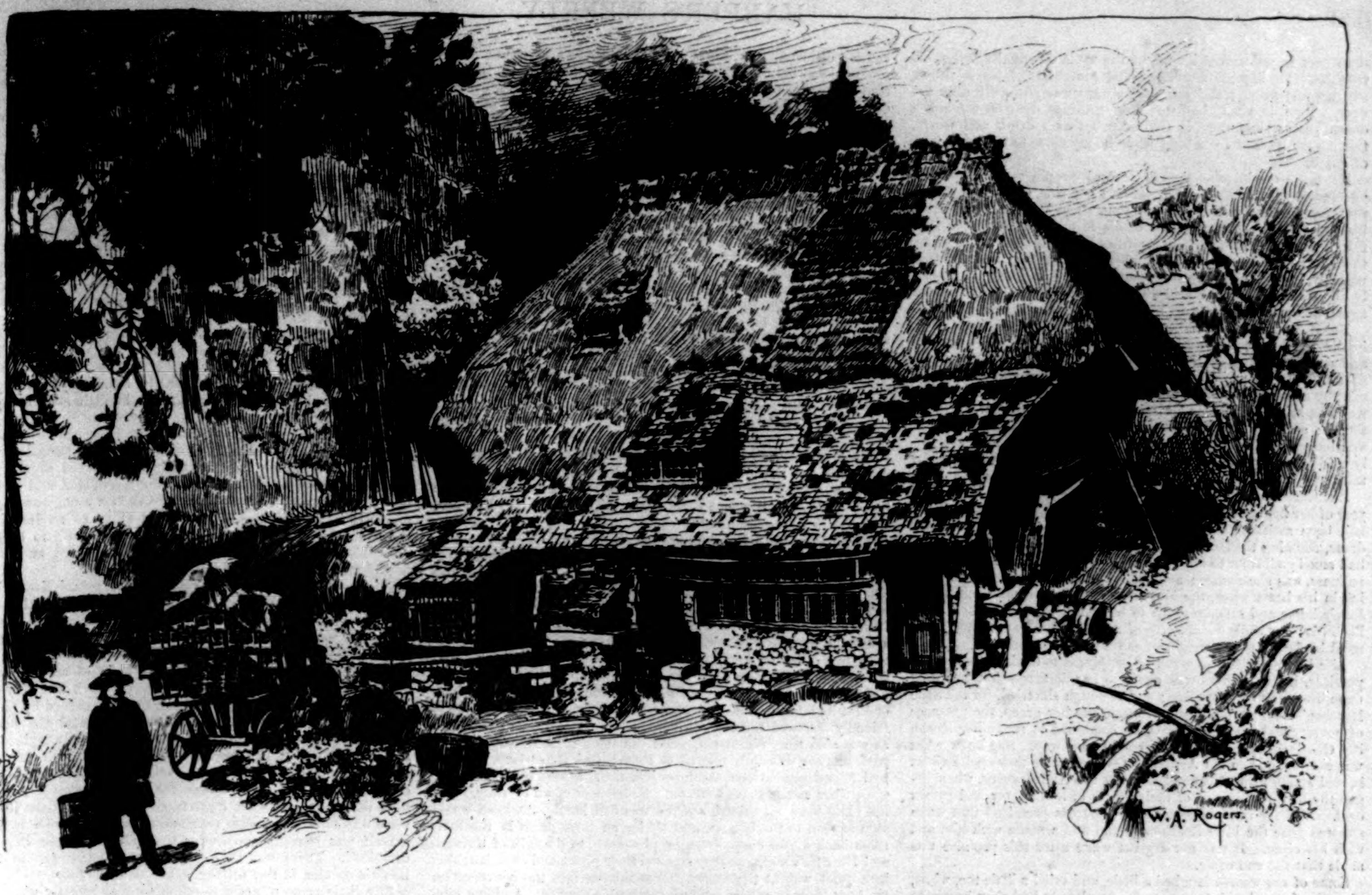

"THE COMFORTABLE HOME WITH HIGH-PEAKED ROOF, PARTLY THATCHED AND PARTLY SHINGLED."

AN IDYL OF THE EAST SIDE.[*]

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

IN the matter of raising canary-birds—at once strong of body and of note, tamed to associate with humanity on rarely friendly terms, and taught to sing with a sweetness nothing short of heavenly—Andreas Stoffel was second to none. And this was not by any means surprising, for he had been born (and for its saintly patron had been christened) close by the small old town of Andreasberg, that stands barely within the verge of the Black Forest, on the southern declivity of the Harz—and that, while famous for its mines, is renowned above all other cities for the excellence of the bird songsters which there and thereabouts are raised.

Canary-birds had been the close companions of this good Andreas through all the fifty years of his lifetime. They had sung their sweet song of rejoicing at his birth—when the storks had brought him one day, while his father was far underground at work in the mines, and was vastly well pleased, when he came home all grimy at night, to find what a brave boy God had sent him by these winged messengers. They had sung over his cradle as his mother, knitting, rocked it in the midst of the long patch of sunlight that came through the low wide window of the *Bauernhaus*—the comfortable home with high-peaked roof, partly thatched and partly shingled, and with great drooping eaves, that was nooked snugly on the warm southern slope of the Andreasberg beside a little stream. They had sung him awake many and many a bright summer morning; and one of his tenderest memories of the time when he was a very little boy—and was put to bed, as little boys should be, at sundown—was of their faint, irregular, sleepy-headed chirpings and twitterings as they settled themselves to slumber on their perches for the night.

And when the time came that Andreas, grown to man's estate, being one-and-twenty years old, but not to man's strength, for he was small of stature and frail, was left lonely in the world—the good father killed by a rock-fall in the mines, and the dear mother thereafter pining away from earth, and so to the heaven that gave her husband back to her—it was his house-mates the birds who did their best to cheer him with their songs. And presently, as it seemed to him, these songs began to tell of new happiness in a new home far away across the mountains and beyond the sea—in that distant America where already his father's brother dwelt, and whereof he had heard wonderful stories of splendors and of riches incalculable all his life long. Indeed, the adventurous uncle had prospered amazingly in the twenty years of his American exile, rising in due course from the position of a young man of most promiscuous all work in a delicatessen shop in New York, to the position of owner of the business, shop and all. To go to a land where such things as this were possible seemed to Andreas most wise; and to be near his uncle, and the aunt and cousins whom he had never seen, his sole remaining kin, held out to him a pleasant promise of cheer and comfort in his loneliness.

But, in very truth, the sweet burden of the song of his birds was not born of thoughts of mere commonplace family affection and commonplace worldly wealth. Far more precious than these was the motive of the music that Andreas listened to and understood, and yet scarcely would acknowledge, even to himself; for in America it was that Christine now had her home—and that which set his heartstrings a-thrilling, as he listened to the song of his birds, was the deep, pure melody of love.

They had been children together, he and Christine, their homes side by side on the flanks of the Andreasberg; and when, three years before, she had gone with her father and her mother on the long journey westward, the heart of Andreas Stoffel had gone with her, and only his body was left behind among the mountains of the Harz. And Christine had dulled to him a little the keen edge of the sorrow of their parting by admitting that she left her own heart in the place of the heart that she bore away.

More than once had the rich uncle, owner of the delicatessen shop in New York, written to urge that his nephew—whose frailty of body made him unfit to enter upon the hard life of a worker in the mines—should come to America; and with his large knowledge of affairs the uncle had explained that the best bill of exchange in which money could be carried from Andreasberg to New York was canary-birds, that could be bought for comparatively little in the German town, and that would be worth in the American city a very great sum. And now on this shrewd advice Andreas acted. The dear old bauernhaus was sold, and its furnishing with it; and all the money thus gained, together with the greater sum that, little by little, his father had added to the store in the old leather bag (saving only what the journey would cost) was spent in buying the finest canary-birds which money could buy; so that for a long while after that time Andreasberg was desolate, for all of its sweetest singers were gone.

Thus it fell out that even in the time of his long journey his birds still sang to him; and his fellow-travellers by land and sea regarded curiously this slim pale youth, who shyly kept apart from human converse and communed with his companions the birds. And so lovingly well did Andreas care for his little feathered friends that not one died throughout the whole long passage; and as the ship came up the beautiful bay of New York on a sunny May morning, while Andreas stood on the deck with his cages about him, very blithely and sweetly did the birds sing their hopeful song of greeting to the New World.

But it was a false song of hope, after all. Hearts were fickle thirty years ago, even as hearts are fickle to-day; and the first news that Andreas heard when he was come to his uncle's home (a very fine home, over a very fine shop, indeed) was that Christine had been a twelvemonth married—in very complete forgetfulness of all her fine words about the heart left behind her, and of all her fine promises that she would be true.

That there be such things as broken hearts is an open question. Yet when this news came suddenly to Andreas a keen agony of pain went through his heart as though it were really breaking; and with his hands pressed tightly against his breast, and with a face as pale as death itself, he fell to the floor. He would have died then very willingly; and it was very unwillingly—the fierce pain leaving him as suddenly as it had come—that he returned to life. Whatever may be said for or against the probability of broken hearts, there can be no question as to the verity of broken lives. That day, assuredly, the life of Andreas Stoffel was broken, and it never wholly mended again. For a while even the song of his birds lost all its sweetness, and seemed to him but a discordant sound.

Yet even a broken life, until it be snuffed out entirely, must battle in the world for standing-room. Luckily for Andreas, there was no need for him to question how his own particular battle should be made. The shape in which his little store of worldly wealth was cast obviously determined the lines on which he should seek maintenance. It was plain that by the rearing and the selling of canary-birds he must gain support until the time should come (and he hoped that it would come soon) when he might find release from this earth, where love so soon grows false and cold.

The rich uncle, who was a kind-hearted man, gave his help in the matter of finding a shop wherein the canary-bird business might be advantageously carried on, and gave also the benefit of his commercial wisdom and knowledge of American ways. And so, with no great difficulty, Andreas was soon established in a snug little place of his own on the East Side, where the friendly German speech sounded almost constantly in his ears, and where the friendly German customs obtained almost as completely as in his own dear German home. But, after all, the change was a dismal one. As his unaccustomed nose was assailed by the rank oil vapors blown across from Hunter's Point he longed regretfully for the fresh, aromatic air that the south winds swept up and over his old home from the pines of the Schwarzwald; and the contrast was a sorry one between a home on the slopes of the Harz Mountains and a home in Avenue B.

Yet had these been his only sorrows, and had he borne them—as he had hoped to bear them—with Christine, his lot would have been anything but hard. It was the deep heart-wound that he had suffered that made his life for many a year a very dreary one, too dreary for him to find much pleasure even in the singing of his birds. Now and again he met Christine. At their first meeting—in his uncle's fine parlor over the fine delicatessen shop, one Sunday afternoon—she was, as she well might be, confused in her speech and very shamefaced in her ways. Her husband was with her, quite a prosperous person, so Andreas was told, who had built up a great business in the pork and sausage line. He was a loud-voiced, merry man, and he aired his wit freely, though evidently with no intent to be unkind, upon the lover out of whose lucklessness his own luck had come. Even as pretty a girl as Christine could not have more than one husband at a time, said this big Conrad, with great good-humor; and so, since they could not both marry her, Andreas would do well to stop crying over spilled milk. They all would be very good friends, and Andreas should be godfather to the first child. He put out his big hand as he made this proffer of friendship; and although Andreas could not refuse to clasp it, there was not, in truth, any great store of friendliness for Christine's loud-voiced husband in his heart. So soon as this was possible he was glad to get away from the merry Sunday afternoon gathering in his uncle's fine parlor to the more sympathetic society of his birds. Yet there did not seem to him much music in the singing of his birds that day.

Christine was vastly proud of her big, rosy-faced, noisy husband, whose sausage-making greatly prospered, and to whom the American dollars rolled in bravely. But even in these days of her good-luck she sometimes found herself thinking—when Conrad's rough love-making was still further roughened, and his noisiness greatly increased, by too free draughts of heady German beer—of the gentler ways and constant tenderness of her earlier lover, whose love, with her own promise to be true to it, she had so lightly cast aside. Thoughts of this sort, it is true, did not often trouble her, but now and then they gave her a little heart-pang; and the pang would be intensified, sometimes, as the thought also would come to her that perhaps it was because she had broken her plighted troth that her many prayers to become a mother remained unanswered.

As time went on, Christine's sorrows came to be of a more instant sort. Her too jolly husband's fondness for heady beer grew upon him, and with its increase came a decrease in the success that until then had been attendant upon his sausage-making. His business fell away from him by degrees into soberer and steadier hands, which had the effect of making him take to stronger drinks than beer in order that he might the more effectually forget his troubles. He lost his merriness, and somewhat of his loudness, and became sullen; and the wolf always was shrewdly near the door. Thus, in a very bad way indeed, things went on for half a dozen years; then the big Conrad, what with drink and worry, fell ill—so ill, that for a long while he lay close to the open jaws of death.

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[*] "A Romance of Tompkins Square," the first of a series of stories of the East Side of New York, by Thomas A. Janvier, appeared in No. 1687 of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No one ever knew—though several people quite accurately guessed—why the wolf did not fairly get into the house during that dismal time. It is certain that when Conrad arose from his bed at last, a thin remnant of his former bigness, there were few high-priced birds left in Andreas Stoffel's little shop, where there had been a score or more when his sickness began. And, possibly, it was something more than a mere coincidence that nearly all of these few were sold about the time that Conrad started again, in a very humble way, his business of sausage-making.

But if Andreas did thus sacrifice his birds for Christine's good, he did not grudge the sacrifice; for upon the big Conrad poverty and sickness had exercised a chastening and most wholesome influence. He got up out of his bed a changed man, and the change, morally at least, was greatly for the better. Physically the result was less salutary; indeed, he never quite recovered from his sharp attack; and three or four years later, just as his business was getting into good shape again, he sickened suddenly, and then promptly paid to nature the debt that all men owe, and that his partial return to health had but a little time delayed.

But Christine was not left desolate in the world, for in the last year of her husband's life the strong yearning that so possessed her had been satisfied, and she was the mother of a baby girl. Andreas, claiming the fulfilment of the promise made so long before, had stood godfather to the little Rosa—for so, because of her fresh rosiness, was she named; and there was a strange, sorrowful longing in his heart when, the rite being ended, he came again to his lonely home and sat him down to be comforted by the singing of his birds: for while the children of Alice call Bartram father, there must be ever a weary weight of sadness in the world.

Life had not given so much of happiness to Christine—though, possibly, her happiness was equal to her deserts—that her hold upon life was a very firm one; and although she tried, for the little Roschen's sake, to put fresh strength into her grasp, the pressure of poverty and care and sorrow all combined to make her loosen it. Gently, a little at a time, her hold gave way. She knew what was coming, and so did Andreas. Once or twice they spoke about it, and spoke also of the old days on the Andreasberg, when began the love that in one of their hearts at least never had grown cold. And for this old love's sake Andreas promised that when she was gone the little Roschen should find a home with him and with his birds. It was not a great while after this promise was made that the end came.

Some of the women laughed a little, and cried a little too, when, after the funeral, old Andreas—for so already had they begun to call him, because of his silent habit and quaint old-fashioned ways—asked to be shown how a baby should be carried, and being in this matter properly instructed, bore away with careful tenderness in his arms the little Roschen to her new home. And when he was come home with her, the birds, as though in welcome—which seemed the more real because certain of the tamer ones among them came forth from their open cages and perched upon his arm—broke forth together into a chorus of sweetest song.

The good-wives living thereabouts were somewhat shocked at the thought of risking a baby's life in the care of a man who was qualified only to minister intelligently to the needs of baby canary-birds; yet were they not a little touched when they came—in unnecessary numbers, as Andreas thought—to give him the benefit of their superior wisdom in the premises by finding how well, in a queer, awkward way, he was discharging the duties of his office. And such gentleness in a man they all vowed that they had never seen. Yet it was not surprising that his quaint effort was crowned with so signal a success; as the birds could have explained, had their song notes been rendered into human speech, Andreas had served an apprenticeship in caring for them which well fitted him to care with a mother's tenderness for this little girl, who, such was his love for her, seemed to him in all verity to be his own proper child. Benefiting by the advice that was so lavishly bestowed upon him, he presently became—as even the most critical of the women were forced to admit—a much better mother to the little Roschen than many a real mother might have been. It was, indeed, a sight worth travelling far to see, this of Andreas washing and dressing the baby in the sunny room at the back of the shop where hung the cages in which were the choicest of his birds. Roschen's first conscious memory was of laughing and splashing in her little tub in the sunshine, while all around her was a carolling of song.

In the course of the years that had drifted by since Andreas came with his birds to New York that May morning he had not made for himself many friends. To be a friend of birds a man must have a quiet habit of body, and great gentleness of nature, and a true tenderness of heart; which qualities tend also to solitariness, being for the most part harmed rather than fostered by association with mankind. As suited him well, his business was not one that called him much abroad, nor that brought him greatly into contact with his fellows. In his good care the famous stock of songsters that he had brought with him from the fatherland had increased prodigiously; and even the sale of nearly all his best old birds, about the time that Conrad was ill, had worked in the long-run to his benefit; for he had taken these birds to one and another of the great dealers, who thus came to know that in the little shop on Avenue B were to be found canaries the like of which for tameness and for rare beauty of note could not be bought elsewhere in all New York. Thereafter, as his young birds grew up, learning from Andreas himself the lesson of gentleness, and from his teaching-birds the lesson of sweetness of note, he had no lack of high-paying customers; so that from his business he derived an income far in excess of his modest needs. What went with the overplus was known only to certain of his country-folk, whose ill venture after greater fortune in America had proved to be but a fiercer struggle with still greater poverty than they had struggled with at home; and no doubt the angels also kept track of his modest benefactions, for such is reputed to be their way.

Many a wounded life was healed by these hidden ministrations on the part of Andreas; and, as rightly followed, great love there was for him in many a humble heart. But love of this sort is not friendship, for friendship requires some one plane at least of equality, and also association and converse—which conditions were lacking in the case of Andreas and those to whom he gave his aid; for the shyness of his nature led him to keep himself apart—save when the demand upon his charity was for that comfort and sympathy which can only be given in person—from those whose burdens he lightened; so that while the needed help was given, the hand that gave it remained concealed.

Yet with a few of his country-folk in New York Andreas had established, in course of time, relations of warm friendliness. Of his kin only two cousins were left—for the rich good uncle, from overmuch eating of his own delicatessen, had come to a bilious ending; and his uncle's widow, wise in her generation, had returned to her native town in Saxony, where she was enabled, by reason of the fortune that the delicatessen shop had brought to her, to outshine the local baroness, and presently to attain the summit of her highest hopes and happiness by wedding an impoverished local baron, and so becoming a baroness herself. Her two sons were well pleased with this marriage. They were carrying on a great business in hog products, and had purchased for themselves fine estates in the country and fine houses in town. To be able to speak of their mother as "the baroness" suited them very well. Andreas saw but little of these gilded relatives—who yet were good-hearted men, and very kindly disposed toward him—for their magnificent surroundings were appalling to his simple mind. His few friends were more nearly in his own walk in life, and his friendship with them had been built up, as substantial friendship should be, by slow degrees.

At the Café Nürnberger, near by his own little shop—a bakery celebrated for the excellence of its bread, and for the great variety of its toothsome German cakes—it was his custom to make daily purchases. With the plump, rosy Aunt Hedwig, who presided over the bakery, he passed the good word of the day shyly; he responded shyly to the friendly nod of the baker, Gottlieb Brekel, when that worthy chanced to be in the shop; and he shyly greeted a certain jolly Herr Sohnstein, a German lawyer of distinction, who was about the bakery a great deal, and who popularly was believed to be a suitor for the plump Hedwig's plump hand. And these shy greetings might have gone on day after day for all eternity—or at least for so much of it as these several persons were entitled to live out on earth—without increasing one particle in cordiality, had there not been one other dweller in the bakery to act as a solvent upon the bird-dealer's reserve. This was the baker's daughter Minna, a child a year or two older than Roschen, and cast in a sturdier mould.

There was that about Andreas which drew all children to him, even as his birds were drawn to him; and a part of the spell certainly was the love for children that always was in his heart. The small Minna was disposed not a little to caprice—for she was a motherless child, and Aunt Hedwig humored her waywardness a trifle more than was good for her—and she manifested, usually, a certain haughtiness toward those who sought to make friends with her. Yet of her own accord one day, when Andreas had ceased to be a stranger to her, she went up to him and offered him a kiss. Aunt Hedwig volubly explained to Andreas the honor that had been done him, and from that moment became most friendly disposed toward him herself—as was also the baker, and as was also Herr Sohnstein, when the story of this extraordinary performance was duly related to them; and thus there began a real friendship between Andreas and these kindly souls that ever grew riper as the years went on. Sometimes of an evening, when his birds were all asleep, and he was left lonely, Andreas would step around to the bakery, and sit for an hour or so in the little room back of the shop, listening pleasantly to the talk of Gottlieb and Herr Sohnstein, as they smoked their pipes, and even laughing in a quiet way at the merry sallies thrown into the conversation by Aunt Hedwig as she sat knitting beside the fire. Andreas himself rarely spoke—it was not his way; but there was such a sympathetic tone in his silence that his lack of words passed almost unobserved. Much more attention was attracted by the fact that he did not smoke—a fact that was looked upon as most extraordinary. But this also went unheeded after a while, as it well might in a small room wherein Gottlieb and Herr Sohnstein were smoking with such vigor that the air was a deep, heavy blue. It was because his birds did not like smoke that he had given up his pipe, he explained, simply; and only to Minna did it occur to say, after she had turned the matter over in her small mind for a while, that the Herr Stoffel must be a very kind-hearted man to go without smoking because the smell of it wasn't nice for his birds.

When Andreas took the little Roschen to his home, that sad day after the funeral, the good Hedwig was among the first of the womenkind to go to him with tenders of instruction and advice; for while Hedwig was only, as it were, a matron by brevet, she was deeply impressed by the extent of her own knowledge in the matter of how motherless children should be raised—and it is but just to add that this self-confidence was fully warranted by the good results that had attended upon her care of her brother's child. Something of the story of Andreas and Christine, and something of what he had done for her and for her husband, was known in the bakery; and enough more was guessed to make these friends of his feel toward him, because of it all, a still stronger and more earnest friendship. Herr Sohnstein, who, being a lawyer with an extensive practice in the criminal courts, was not by any means in the habit of praising his fellow-men indiscriminately, even went so far as to say that Andreas was "better than any of the saints already." And when Aunt Hedwig, somewhat shocked at this comparison to the disfavor at a single thrust of the whole body of saints put together, reproved Herr Sohnstein for his irreverence, he stoutly declared that while his knowledge of saints was comparatively limited—since they did not come within the jurisdiction of the courts—he certainly never had read of one who had shown a finer quality of charity, both in forgiveness and in self-sacrifice, than that which Andreas had displayed.

"Don't you make-believe, Hedwig," Herr Sohnstein continued, "that if you go off after promising yourself to me and marry another fellow, that I'll take care of him when he's sick, and set him up in business when he gets well, and wind up by giving him a first-class funeral; and don't you get it into your head that I'm going to adopt any of your children that are not mine too—for I'm not a saint already, even if Andreas is."

To which general declaration Aunt Hedwig replied, with much spirit, that in the first place Herr Sohnstein had better wait until she promised to marry him, or to marry anybody for that matter, before he took to preaching to her; that in the second place it was unnecessary for him to declare that he was not a saint, since only a deaf blind man would be likely to take him for one; and that in the third place he would do well to save his breath to cool his broth—at which lively sally they all laughed together very comfortably.

With these good friends Andreas consulted in all important matters relating to Roschen's well-being. Aunt Hedwig's practical advice in regard to clothing and food and general care-taking was of high value in the early years; and it was Gottlieb's suggestion, when the time came for beginning the sowing of seeds of wisdom in her small mind, that Roschen should go with his own Minna to the school where the Sisters taught. And of a Sunday the children went also together to be instructed by the Redemptorist Fathers in the way of godliness. So these little ones grew in years and in knowledge and in grace together, and toward each other they felt a sisterly love.

Insensibly, too, as Roschen grew out of childhood into girlhood, her attitude toward her adoptive father changed. In the great matters of her life he still cared for her, planning always for her good, and withholding from her nothing suited to her station in life that money could buy. In the matter of her music, Aunt Hedwig declared that he was positively extravagant; yet accepted in good part his excuse that a voice so beautiful deserved to be well trained. It was her mother's voice alive again, he said; and as he spoke, Aunt Hedwig saw that there were tears in his eyes. But while Andreas still continued the larger of his parental duties, in the smaller matters of every-day life his adopted daughter now cared for him; so beginning to pay the debt (though to neither of them, such was their love for each other, did any thought of debt or of payment ever occur) that she owed him for all his goodness to her and to her dead father and mother in the past.

In truth, it was a pretty sight to see Roschen first beginning to play at keeping house for her father—for so she always called him—and then, in a little while, keeping house for him most excellently in real earnest. Here again the good qualities of Aunt Hedwig came to the front, for to her intelligent direction was due the rather surprising success that attended Roschen's ambitious attempt to become so early a *Hausfrau*. Time and again was a great culinary disaster averted by a rapid dash on Roschen's part from her imperilled home to the bakery, where Aunt Hedwig's advice was quickly obtained and then was promptly acted upon. And if sometimes the advice came too late to avert the catastrophe—as on that memorable and dreadful day when Roschen boiled her sausage-dumplings without tying them in a bag—the lessons taught by calamitous experience caused only passing trouble, and tended in the long-run to good.

Indeed, by the time that Roschen was sixteen years old, and had so far passed through her apprenticeship that she no longer was compelled to make sudden and frantic appeals to Aunt Hedwig for aid, the little household over which she presided so blithely was very admirably managed; and it certainly was as quaint and as pretty an establishment as could be found anywhere upon the whole round globe. Whoever entered the little shop was greeted by such a thrilling and warbling of sweet notes that all the air seemed quivering with music, and the leader of the bird choir was a certain wonderful songster that Andreas had named the Kronprinz, and for whom he repeatedly had refused quite fabulous sums. Andreas himself had bred the Kronprinz, and had given him the education that now made him such a wonder among birds, and that made him also of such great value as an instructor of the young birds whose musical education was still to be gained. After his adopted daughter, Andreas held this bird, and justly, to be the most precious thing that he owned.

But far sweeter than the singing of the prized Kronprinz—at least to any but a bird-fancier's ears—was the singing that usually was to be heard above the trilling of the canaries, and that came from the room at the back of the shop where Roschen was engaged in her housewifely duties. It was such music as the angels made, Andreas declared, yet thinking most of all of one angel voice, the memory of which while still on earth was very dear to him; and even in the case of those who were moved by no tender association of the sweet tones of the living and the dead this estimate of Roschen's singing did not seem unduly high. Gustav Strauss, the son of the great bird-dealer over in the rich part of the town, vowed that Andreas was entirely right in his angelic comparison; and Ludwig Bauer, the young shoemaker, who lived next door but one, went even farther and said that Roschen's voice was as much sweeter than any mere angel's voice as Roschen herself was sweeter and better than all the angels in paradise combined. There was nothing halting nor half-way in Ludwig Bauer's opinion in this matter, it will be observed.

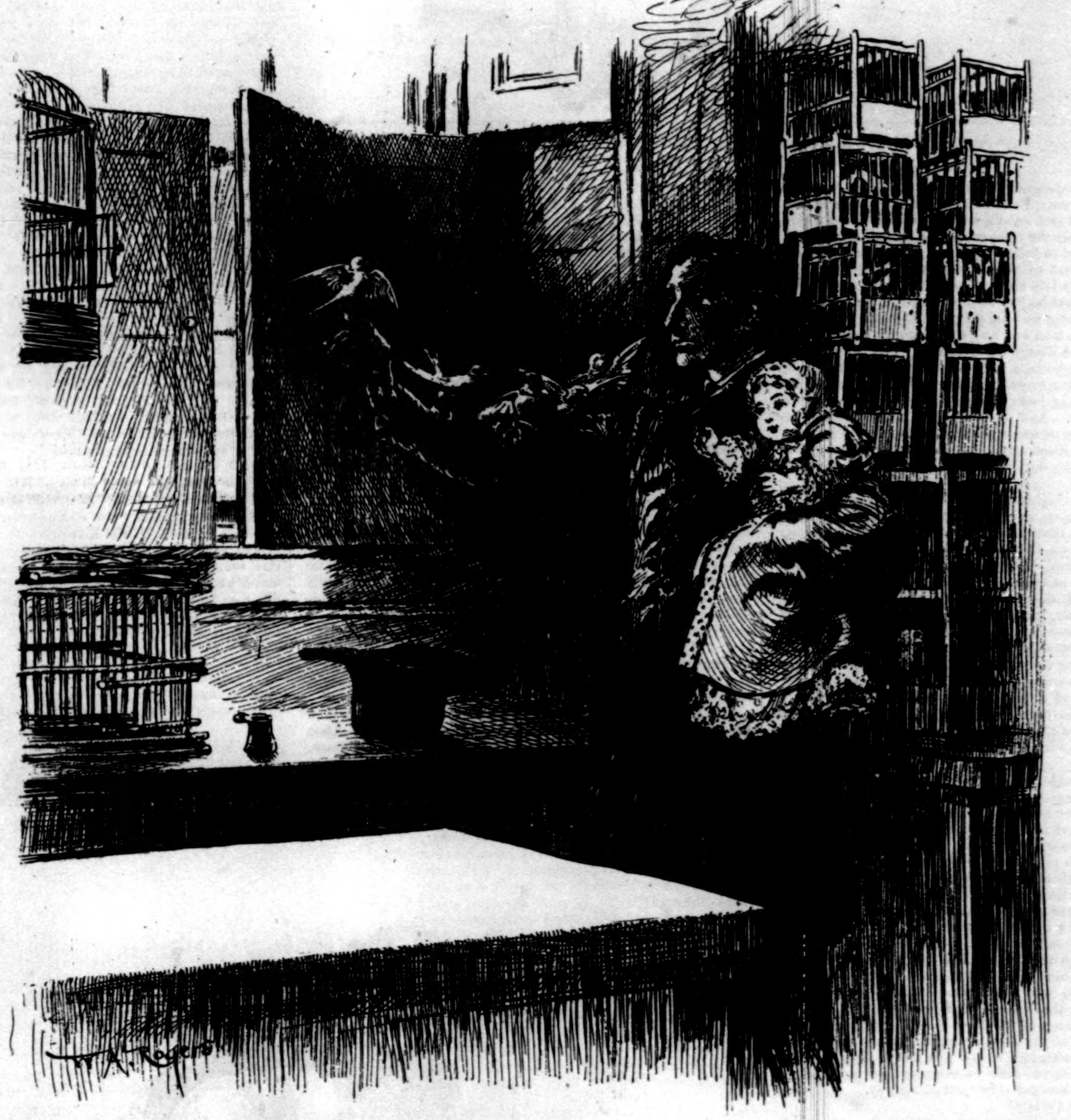
The little room wherein Roschen sang so sweetly while at her work was their kitchen and dining-room and parlor all in one. As noon-time drew near there would come out into the shop from this room, through the open doorway, such succulent and enticing odors of roasting pork and stewing onions and boiling cabbages that even Bielfrak—as the Spitz dog, who was chained as a guard close beneath the cage of the Kronprinz, appropriately was named—would fall to licking his chops as he hungrily sniffed these smells delectable; and Andreas suddenly would discover how hungry he was, and would make occasion to go to the doorway that he might see if the setting of the table was begun.

"Patience, father! Presently. You are as bad as Bielfrak himself!" Roschen would say; and as this attribution of gluttony to her father was a time-honored joke between them, they always would laugh over it pleasantly. And then Andreas would stand and watch his little hausfrau with a far-away look in his gentle blue eyes as she bustled about her work in the sunny room, her pretty dimpled arms bared to above the elbow, her lovely cheeks (because of much stooping over the fire) brighter even than the roses after which she had been named, her golden hair done up in a trig tight knot (as Aunt Hedwig had taught her was the proper way for hair to be arranged while cooking was going on), and over her tidy print gown a great white apron, fashioned in an ancient German shape, as guard against the splashings and spillings that even the most careful of cooks cannot always control. In the sunny windows, opening to the south, flowers were growing; the Dutch clock, with pendulous weights made in the similitude of pine cones, ticked against the wall merrily; Mädchen, the cat—who, being most prolific of kittens, notoriously belied her name—sat bunched up in exceeding comfort on a space expressly left for her upon the sunny window-ledge among the plants; steam arose in light clouds from the various pots upon the stove, and in the middle of the little room the table stood ready for the dinner to be served.

It was a very cheerful, home-like picture this; and yet many a time, as Andreas stood in the doorway and contemplated it, there would be tears in his eyes, and a strange feeling, half of glad thankfulness, half of very sorrowful longing, in his heart. She was so like her dead mother! In look, in speech, in motions of the body, in turns of the head, and in gestures of the hands she was Christine over again. Sometimes Andreas would forget his fifty years and all the sorrows of hope destroyed and irrevocable death-parting which his fifty years had brought him, and would fancy for a moment that he was young again, and that the dearest wish of his life was here fulfilled. And then she would call him "Father!" and his moment's dream of happiness would die coldly in his heart. Yet would there come to him always an after-glow of solacing warmth, as comforting thoughts would steal in upon him of the happiness not a dream—different from that which he had hoped for in his youth, but most sweet and real—that God's goodness had given him in these his later years.

Andreas truly was old Andreas now. As men's lives go, his age was not great; but sorrow had made him, as it had made many another man, far older than the mere number of years which he had lived. No great store of strength had been his at the beginning, and the heart-break that he had suffered that day of his landing in the New World, when faith and love and hope all died together at a single blow, was less a sentimental figure than a physical reality. A like pang, yet not so keen, had wrenched him when he first came to know of Christine's sharp trial of poverty, and another seized him in the night-time following that sad day when she passed away from earth. And now of late, without any cause at all, these pangs had come again. Andreas was glad that they had come always when he was alone; for the pain was too searching to be wholly hidden, and his strong desire was that Roschen should be spared all knowledge of his suffering. In his own mind he perceived quite clearly what before long must come to pass. And it was a good happening, he thought, that in Gottlieb Brekel and Aunt Hedwig, and the excellent Herr Sohnstein, who, being a lawyer, could care well for the little store in the bank and for the little house that Andreas now owned, Roschen had such stanch and worthy friends. The only sign of these thoughts that Roschen perceived was that her father grew much keener in the matter of selling his birds at high prices, and that she was somewhat seriously reproved when, in her housekeeping or in her occasional expeditions to the fine shops in Grand Street, she ventured upon any small extravagance. But Roschen would laugh when thus reproved, and declare that her father, who long had been a glutton, was become a miser already in his old age; whereat Andreas also would laugh, yet not quite so heartily as Roschen liked to hear him laugh when she cracked her little jokes upon him, and would say that sometimes a miser was not thought by his heirs so bad a fellow when they found what a snug little fortune he had left behind him all safe in the bank.

It was because of these thoughts that he kept hidden from her that Andreas began to take a much more active interest in what Roschen had to say from time to time about certain young men of her acquaintance. The young man of whom she spoke most frequently, and with a frank friendliness, was the handsome young assistant baker at the Café Nürnberger, a very likely young fellow, Hans Kuhn by name, who of late had brought that excellent bakery into great vogue because of the almost miraculously good *Lebkuchen* that he baked there. But Andreas was not at all alarmed by this open friendship; for Hans and the stout Minna Brekel were to be married presently, and Roschen's feeling obviously was no more than hearty good-will toward the lover of her own dear sister friend. Fine chatterings she and Minna had, as Andreas inferred from her occasional brief reports of them, about the prodigious matrimonial event that was now so near at hand. As Andreas also inferred, these chatterings put various notions of an exciting and somewhat disturbing sort into Roschen's little head. If one young girl might get married, so might another, no doubt she thought; and it is conceivable that from this mental statement of a rational abstract possibility her thoughts may have passed on to consideration of the concrete possibilities involved in her own relations with the good-looking Gustav Strauss, son of the rich bird-dealer, or with the good-looking young shoemaker, Ludwig Bauer, who lived next door but one.



"AND WHEN HE WAS COME HOME WITH HER, THE BIRDS BROKE FORTH TOGETHER INTO A CHORUS OF SWEETEST SONG."

It is certain that when Roschen had arrived at the dignity of eighteen years, and her hitherto slim figure had taken on quite a plump, pleasing, womanly roundness, the business visits of the young Herr Strauss to the little bird shop on the East Side became, as it struck Andreas, rather curiously frequent. And about this time, also, their neighbor Ludwig developed a very extraordinary interest in the business of raising canary-birds. It was a business that he long had thought of engaging in, he explained; and he truly did exhibit an aptitude in comprehending and in practising its mysteries that greatly exalted him in the little bird-dealer's esteem. The birds all seemed to recognize a friend in him; and even those which were but partially tamed, and were gentle only with Andreas himself, would perch willingly upon his hand. With Andreas it long had been a maxim that canary-birds were rare judges of human character, and the testimonial thus given to Ludwig's worth counted with him for a great deal—as did also the quite converse opinion of the birds in regard to the young Herr Strauss, from whom, notwithstanding his training in the care of their kind, they always flew away, and whose mere presence in the shop sufficed to make every bird ruffle himself, and to chirp angrily in his cage. Yet Herr Strauss was most agreeable in his manners, and was a very personable young man. As for his riches, they spoke for themselves in his fine attire and in his fine gold watch and chain; and he also spoke for them, making frequent allusions to his comfortable present position in the world as his father's partner, and to his still more comfortable prospective position as his father's sole heir.

Ludwig, on the other hand, could not boast of any great amount of gilding upon, as Andreas believed it to be, the sterling metal of which he was made. But he was by no means what would be considered by the dwellers on the East Side a poor man. He was a steady and a good master-workman, with three or four apprentices under him; and all day long there was to be heard in his shop the cheerful, business-like sound of the thumping of short hammers on lapstones, together with the loud clicking of the sewing-machine on which the delicate stitching of uppers was done. In the window, screened with a green curtain of growing vines—as is the pretty custom with most of the German shoemakers on the East Side—there always might be seen a pair or two of well-made, stout shoes drying in the sunshine on their lasts; and with these a half-dozen or more pairs of shoes newly soled and heeled in a substantial, workmanlike fashion that would have done credit to Hans Sachs himself. Making and mending together, it was a very good business that Ludwig was doing; each year a better balance was lodged to his credit in the savings-bank, and the great golden boot that hung above his doorway told no more than the truth of the good work that was done, and of the good money that was well earned within. From the stand-point of public opinion on the East Side, this thriving young shoemaker already was a man of substance, whose still more substantial future was assured.

There was in the nature of Ludwig much the same simplicity and gentleness that characterized Andreas—which common qualities, no doubt, had much to do with the strong friendship that there was between them; and all his neighbors, remembering how good a son he had been, and knowing also how deeply he still sorrowed for the dear mother lost to him in death, were more than ready to vouch for the goodness of his heart. Indeed, it was while trying to comfort him a little after this great sorrow fell upon him that Roschen first felt toward him something more than the passing interest that every maiden reasonably feels in every seemly young man. Her disposition toward him, to be sure, even when thus stimulated by a sympathetic melancholy, was only that of friendliness; but it evidently was a friendliness so cordial and so sincere that it made quite a tolerable foundation upon which Ludwig freely built fine air-castles of hope. For his disposition toward Roschen was altogether that of a lover—as anybody might have known after hearing that decided expression of his opinion to the effect that all the angels singing together could not make music so sweet as the music of her voice.

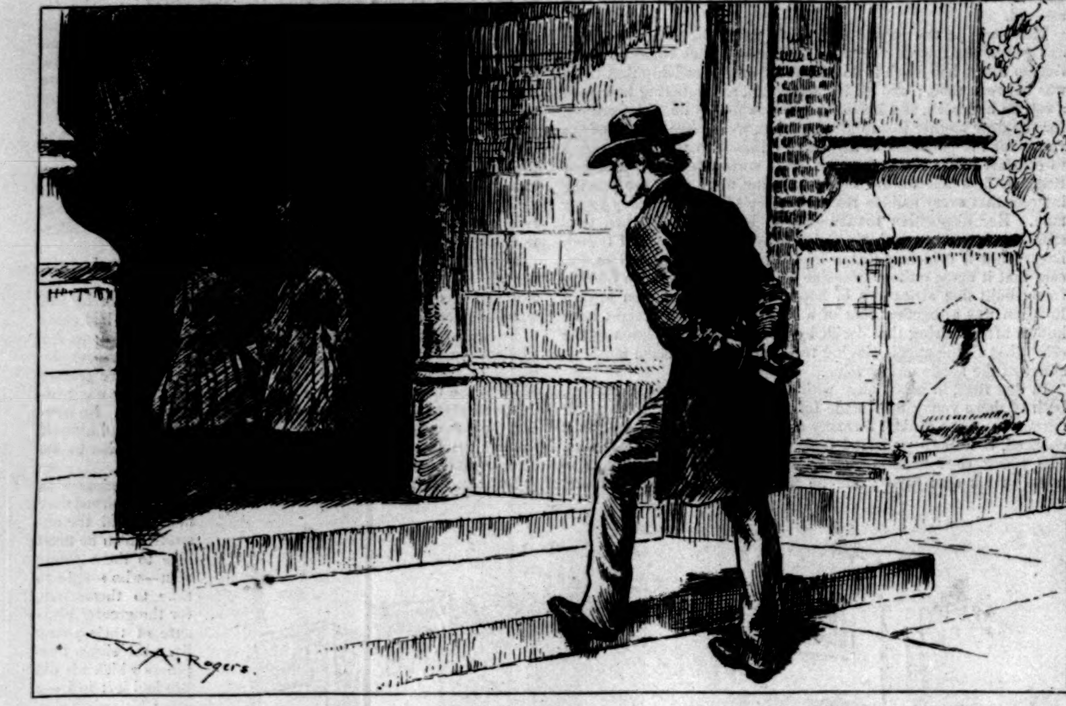
In due time, in accordance with the decorous German custom, both of these young men made formal application to Andreas for permission to be ranked formally as Roschen's suitors; and, as it chanced, they both preferred their requests upon the same day. The young Herr Strauss undeniably had some strong points to make in his own favor; and he made them, to do him justice, without any hesitation or false modesty. As he truly said—speaking with an easy assurance, and airily fingering his gold watch chain as he spoke—in marrying him Roschen would make an excellent match. In rather marked contrast with this justifiable yet not wholly pleasing assumption of self-importance, was the modest tone in which Ludwig urged his suit; yet was Andreas not unfavorably impressed by the fact that he dwelt less upon his deserts than upon his desire to be deserving; and that in connection with the creditable presentment that he made of the condition of his worldly affairs he did not insist, as the Herr Strauss had insisted, upon a minute examination of Roschen's dowry. As bearing indirectly yet forcibly upon a general consideration of the cases of these young men, the statement may be added that one of them had made for his proposed father-in-law several excellent pairs of shoes, while the other had made for him only a series of uncommonly sharp bargains.

To neither of the lovers did Andreas give an immediate answer. He must think a little, he said. The self-esteem of the Herr Strauss was a trifle ruffled by the suggestion that in such a case waiting of any sort was necessary; it seemed to him that an offer so desirable as that which he had made was entitled to instant acceptance. But Ludwig noted a certain trembling in the voice that bade him wait, and was not so completely engrossed with his own hopes of happiness but that he could perceive its cause and could feel sorrow for it. All these years had Andreas cared for this sweet Roschen, and had cherished her as his dearest treasure; and now, when the best time of her life had come, he was asked to give her up to a love that rested its claim for recognition upon nothing more substantial than promises of care-taking which the future might or might not make good. That Andreas, under such circumstances, even should consider his request, touched Ludwig's good heart with gratitude; and the love that he had for a long while felt toward the old man led him now to put an arm around his shoulder, as a son might have done, and to tell him that the home which he had ready for Roschen was ready for Roschen's father too. And Ludwig's voice also trembled a little. Andreas did not speak, but he put his thin hand into the big brown hand—much stained with the dark wax that shoemakers use and with long handling of leather—that Ludwig held out to him; and when they had stood together thus affectionately for a little time they parted, silently.

In truth, Andreas was more deeply moved than even Ludwig, for all his affectionate sympathy, had divined. His love for Roschen was a double love. With the love of a father he had watched over her these many years; yet even stronger had come to be his love for her as her mother born again. Sometimes, for whole days together, confusing the past with the present, he would call her Christine; and in his heart he ever gave greater room to the fancy that the life which he had hoped for was realized, and that the life which he was living was a dream. No wonder, then, that he asked for a little time in which to school himself to meet the fate that at a single blow brought destruction to his dear home on earth and to his dearer castle in the air.

Roschen was abroad that afternoon, and as Andreas, alone with his birds, turned over in his mind the answers which he must give to these young men—who sought to take to themselves, for the greater pleasure of their young lives, the single happiness which his old life had left to it—a great bitterness possessed his soul. When they had so much and he so little, it was cruel of them to seek to rob him thus, he thought. And their love, after all, was but the growth of a day, while his love had been growing steadily for forty years. Roschen was to him at once the sweetheart of his youth and the dear daughter of his age. How could these young fellows have the effrontery to place their own light love fancies in rivalry with this profound love of his that was rooted in all the years of a lifetime? His thoughts went back to those long-past days when he and Christine first had known each other as little children on the sunny slopes of the Andreasberg, and when began the love that still was a living reality. And then he followed downward through the years his own love-story from this its beginning—the promise made in the twilight, while the south wind, laden with the sweet smell of the pine trees of the Schwarzwald, played about them; the hard parting; his joyous journey with his birds westward across the sea; the black day when that journey ended; the years of sorrow which closed in still keener sorrow when his Christine was lost to him utterly in death; and then through the later years, which ever grew brighter and happier as his love for Christine was born anew and lived its strange, half-real life in his love for Christine's child, who also was the daughter given him by Heaven to cheer and comfort him in his old age. And now at the end of it all he was asked to give to another this sweet flower of love that for his happiness, almost by a miracle, as it seemed, a second time had bloomed. Was not this asking more of him, he thought, than rightly should be asked?

So heavy was the load of bitterness that oppressed him that even the singing of the Kronprinz, who was moved to break forth into song just then, failed for a time to arouse him. Yet presently the sweet sound penetrated the thick substance of his sorrow, and slowly turned the current of his sombre thoughts. Andreas loved all music; but because of the long train of associations which it invoked, and because of his skilled knowledge of its quality, there was no music so sweet to him as the singing of a bird. And when the singer was the Kronprinz, who sang with a mellow sweetness rare and wonderful, the music never failed to move his tender nature to its very depths. And so, as he listened to the singing of his bird, gentler and better thoughts possessed him, and then he reproached himself for the selfishness that had so filled his heart. He had no right, he thought, to stand in the way of Roschen's happiness—to compel her to take the old love that he had to give in place of the fresh young love that was offered to her. It was only a foolish fancy, this that he had cherished, that she was his sweetheart of long ago; it was the rational truth that he had to deal with—that she was his daughter, who had given



"AND OF A SUNDAY THE CHILDREN WENT TOGETHER TO BE INSTRUCTED BY THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS."

him in full measure a daughter's love and duty, and for whom now, as was a father's duty, he must secure a good husband, who would care for her well and loyally when death had taken her father from her. This was the right conclusion, but all the strength of his will was required to bring him to it; and when at last he said to himself that what so plainly was right should be firmly done, the color suddenly left his face, and there went through his heart the sharp pang that he had learned to dread because of the agony of it. So wrenching was the pain that he could not repress a cry; but it was not a loud cry, and the sound of it was lost in the glad carolling of the Kronprinz's song.

When Roschen came home, a little later, she was frightened by finding her father looking so pale and worn; but the sight of her dear face, and her loving looks and words, revived him quickly, and her fear passed by. And she forgot her fear the sooner because of the momentous question that he then opened to her; for this last sharp seizure, keener than any that had preceded it, had warned Andreas that the duty which he had to do should not be delayed.

Very tenderly and lovingly did he speak of this heart matter to his little rose, his Roschen, as she sat beside him on a low stool, after the childish habit that she never had relinquished, while her head was nestled upon his shoulder, and while he stroked her fair hair gently with his thin, delicate hand. And as he made clear to her all that she was to know, and explained to her that the decision between these rival lovers, or the rejection of them both, must be made by herself, the rosiness of this pretty Roschen became a deep crimson, and her head sank down upon her father's breast so that her face was hid from him; and as his arms clasped her closely to this loving haven she fell to crying gently there, as in such cases is a proper maiden's rather unreasonable way.

"Does the thought of lovers make thee sad, my little one?" Andreas asked; and he could not quite stifle, though he tried hard to stifle, the hope that perhaps Roschen might settle this present matter so that for a little time longer she still would be wholly his own.

"It is not the thought of lovers, dear father," Roschen answered, and her voice was low and broken, "but the thought that anything should take me away from thee."

The hope grew larger in the heart of Andreas, but he said: "The young Herr Strauss will make thee a fine husband, my daughter. He is a rich young man already, and—"

But Roschen promptly cut short this eulogy by raising her head abruptly and saying, with great decision: "He is a horrid young man, and nothing is good about him at all. He tries to cheat thee whenever he comes here to buy our birds; and—and he has said things to me; and he—and he tried to kiss me. Ugh! I will have nothing to do with the Herr Strauss—nothing at all!"

As she spoke, Roschen held up her head firmly and looked Andreas straight in the eyes. Her own eyes quite sparkled with anger, for all the tears that were in them; and the tone in which she pronounced the name of the Herr Strauss suggested pointedly that he was one of the various unpleasant creatures which humanity disposes of with tongs. All this was so emphatic that Andreas suffered his hope to grow yet stronger; for now, certainly, one of these lovers was put safely out of his way.

"And Ludwig, my little one?"

Roschen did not speak, but the angry sparkle that was in her eyes gave place to a softer and much pleasanter brightness, and a still deeper crimson showed in the pretty face that she hid again suddenly upon her father's breast.

"And Ludwig?" Andreas repeated.

But still Roschen did not speak. She put her arms around her father's neck, and nestled her head beneath his chin in a lovingly coaxing way that she had devised when she was a little child, and then she fell again to sobbing gently.

"Hast thou, then, nothing to say of this friend of ours, my daughter?" Andreas spoke eagerly, his hope being very strong within him now, for he was not versed in the ways of maidens, and the silence that would have been so eloquent to another woman or to a wiser man conveyed a very false notion to his mind.

"Thou hast told me, dear father, that Ludwig makes very good shoes," Roschen said at last, speaking hesitatingly, and in a voice so low that it was little more than a whisper.

"Yes," Andreas answered, somewhat taken aback by the irrelevant and very matter-of-fact nature of this remark; "yes, Ludwig makes good shoes."

"And thou likest those which he has made for thee?"

"Truly. They are good shoes. They have cured my corns." Andreas spoke with feeling. He was sincerely grateful to Ludwig for having cured his corns. "But it is not of Ludwig's shoes that we are talking now, my Roschen," he went on. "It is of Ludwig himself. Hast thou nothing to say in answer to what he asks?"

Through her tears Roschen laughed a little, and she pressed her head still more closely beneath her father's chin. "Thou dear foolish one," she said, "canst thou not understand?" And then, after a moment of silence, she went on, "Hast thou not seen, dear father, how all the birds love Ludwig, and of their own accord go to him?"

Then a little light broke in upon Andreas, and the hope that he had cherished began to pale; but he answered stoutly: "Yes, the birds love him, for he is a good young man. And thou, my daughter?"

And Roschen answered in a voice so low and tremulous that Andreas divined rather than heard the words she spoke. "Perhaps it is with me also, dear father, as it is with the birds!"

For a little time there was silence—for Andreas did not trust himself to speak while his hope was dying in his heart—then he raised the pretty head from its resting-place upon his breast, and as he kissed the forehead that was so like the dead Christine's, he said, reverently and tenderly, "For thy good and happiness, my dear one, may God's will be done." And as he clasped her again to him closely, the Kronprinz once more lifted up his voice in sweetest song.

When at last Roschen raised her rosy, happy face from her father's breast, she was so full of the wonder that had come to pass that she did not perceive his weary look, nor how pale he was; yet less pale now than a little time before when his face was unseen by her.

And presently the rosiness of this sweet Roschen grew still deeper as the shop door opened, with a great tinkling of its little bell, and Ludwig entered. Andreas arose from his chair slowly—but neither of them noticed how feeble and labored were his motions, like those of a weak old man—and clasped in both of his own Ludwig's great brown hand, while with a look of love he said: "It is as thou wouldst have it, my son. This dear rose of my growing will bloom in thy garden now"—and he led Ludwig to where Roschen, who indeed was a true rose just then, was standing and put her hand in his.

And then, with a wistful eagerness, he went on: "And thou wilt care for her very tenderly and well, in my place? Thou canst not understand what my love has been; part of it, I know, has been foolishness—and that which thou wilt give her, if it be strong and steadfast, will be far better than ever was mine. For it is the way of life"—and here the voice of Andreas trembled and fell a little—"that for young hearts love also must be young."

"With God's help, dear father, I will be true and good to her," Ludwig answered, speaking with a stout heartiness that gave the ring of truth to his words; "and I will care well for her and for thee too."

"For me it will not be long," Andreas answered; "but give the care which thou wouldst have given to me to these my birds."

"Do not make us sad to-day, dear father, by such gloomy words," said Roschen, as she put her arms around his neck. "To-day a beautiful time of happiness has begun for us."

"Truly a beautiful time of happiness has begun," Andreas answered; "and I thank God that I have seen its beginning—for when grief comes to thee, and grief must come to us all, my daughter, thou hast now a strong young heart to stay and comfort thee. Yes, this is truly the beginning of a happy time." It was with a very tender smile that Andreas spoke these cheery words; and he added, cheerily: "Now go out into the Square, my children, and say to each other the words which I know are in your hearts. I will be glad in your happiness as I sit here among my birds."

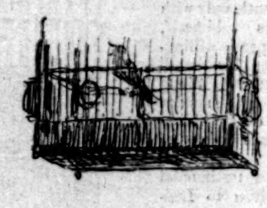
And so Andreas, for the second time in his life, was left alone with his birds.

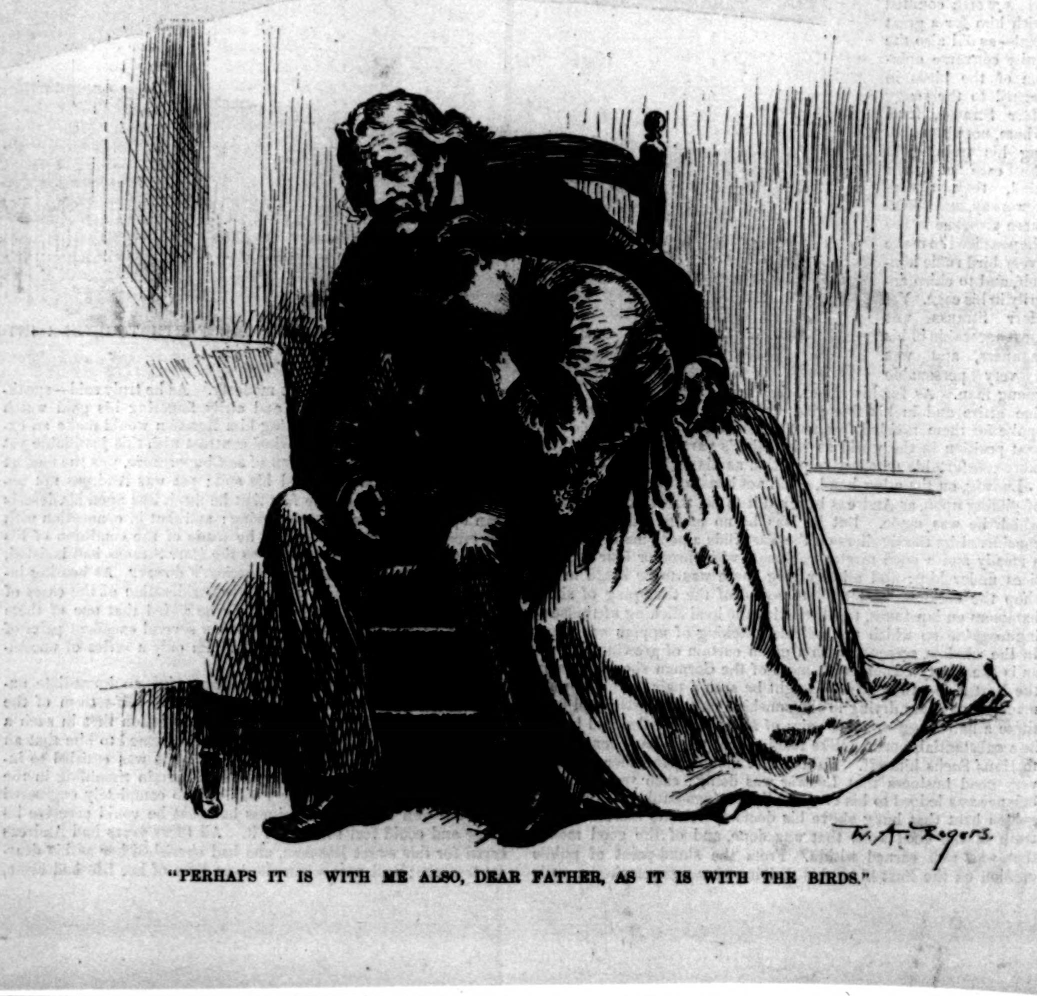
As he sat there, desolate, he buried his face in his hands, and between his thin fingers there was a glistening of tears. It was so hard to bear! They might have waited just a little while, he thought; it would not have been very long. For he forgot, and perhaps it would be unfair to blame him for forgetting, his own desire that before that little time should pass his Roschen should have assured to her the good care-taker whom she surely would need when the season of sorrow came. A little thrill, a premonition of which he knew the meaning, ran through him.

Then it was that the Kronprinz began to sing. The notes at first were low and liquid, and they fell soothingly upon the ears, and so into the heart of this poor Andreas; and as they rose higher and fuller and clearer, light began to show for him where only darkness had been. The other birds, fired to emulation by these mellow warblings, joined in a sweet chorus, above which the strong rich notes of the Kronprinz rose in triumphant waves of harmony. And gladness came then into the heart of Andreas, and great thankfulness; for as the music of the birds exalted him he seemed to see with a strange clearness into the depths of the future, and all that he saw there promised well for those whom he loved. Such wonderful music was this that the very air about him seemed to be growing goldenly radiant; and with a certain awe creeping into his heart he seemed to hear low echoes of a music even more ravishingly beautiful that came faintly yet with a bell-like clearness from very far away.

Truly there was something strange about this music, for even Bielfrak, who was grown to be a deaf, rheumatic old dog now, heard it and was greatly moved by it. From his comfortable rug in the corner he raised himself painfully upon his haunches, and, pointing his nose upward, he uttered a long melancholy howl. Then he came by slow effort across the room to where his master sat and laid his head upon his master's knee. And there was a puzzled look upon Bielfrak's face, for never before had he thus manifested the love that was in his honest heart without finding a quick response to it in the gentle touch of his master's hand. Yet now that hand remained most strangely still, and it was strangely white, and Bielfrak drew back suddenly from touching it—finding it most strangely cold.

The birds had been frightened into silence by Bielfrak's howl, but now they all burst forth again into the song of strange and wonderful sweetness that of a sudden they had learned to sing. In waves of harmony the chorus rose and fell, and above all sounded the notes of the Kronprinz, rich, full, clear, so delicately perfect as to seem a blending of sunlight and of sound. And in this song there was a strain that seemed to tell of restful triumph and eternal joy. And on the gentle, kindly face of Andreas, as he sat there so very quietly while all the air around him with these sweet sounds was vibrant, there was a most tender smile that told of perfect peace.

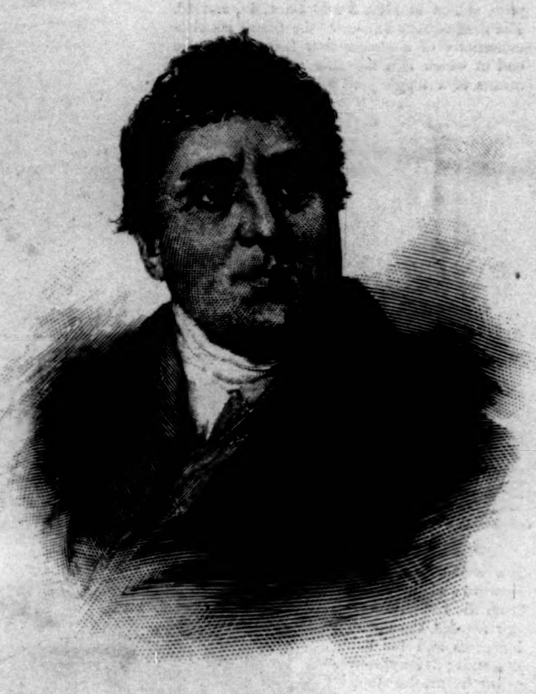




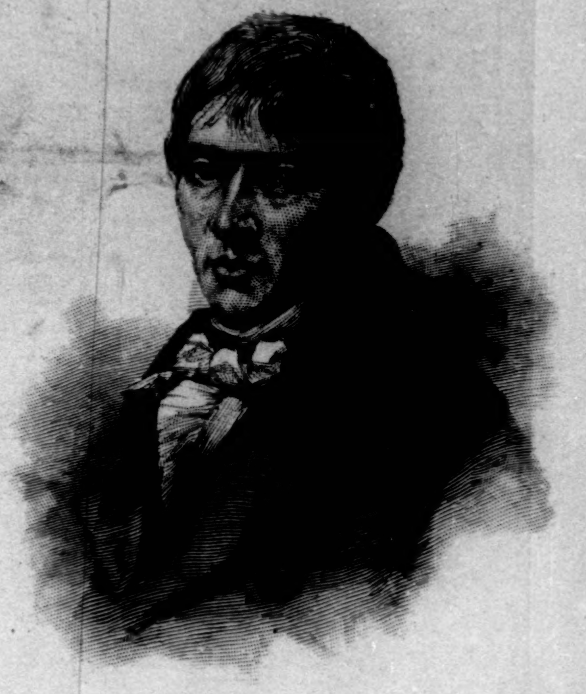
"PERHAPS IT IS WITH ME ALSO, DEAR FATHER, AS IT IS WITH THE BIRDS."

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

BY CAPTAIN FRANCIS V. GREENE.



THOMAS TELFORD.



JOHN L. MACADAM.

THE progress of civilization has everywhere been marked by good roads. It may even be said to be largely due to them. Ancient Rome was not only famous for its own roads, but it carried the art of road-making into all its conquered provinces. As its civilization disappeared in the degeneracy of the Dark Ages, good roads ceased to exist, and they only reappeared when modern nations began to emerge from the Middle Ages. It is often said that the test of civilization in any country is the consumption of iron; but this is true only because railroads are the chief consumers of iron, and they are but one form of roadway.

It is an undeniable fact that while the United States has the finest railway system in the world—the most perfectly adapted to the work it has to do, and the cheapest in charges for transportation—yet its roads and its city streets are far inferior to those of France, England, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Doubtless the admirable character of its railways is itself the cause of its bad roads and streets, for the railways serve their purpose so well that there is less apparent need of good carriage roads. All the other countries above named had reached a high degree of civilization before the advent of railways about fifty years ago, whereas about three-fourths of the present area of the United States have been settled and populated during the railway era. The rapid advances in wealth and population of the principal countries of Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century would have been impossible without a corresponding and simultaneous improvement in the quality of their roads. The still more rapid advance of America during this century has been accomplished chiefly through the instrumentality of railways, and these have so thoroughly intersected the country in every direction, bringing the merchant and manufacturer at one end and the farmer and miner at the other into such close communication, that the necessity for good roads has been overlooked. The opinion is now gaining ground, however, that notwithstanding the excellent and cheap service of the railways, there is a great loss in the unnecessary cost of transportation in hauling merchandise through the mud to reach the railroad, and again over rough cobble-stones when it leaves the cars at its destination. And independent of the commercial aspect of the question, there is still to be considered the comfort and convenience of those who use roads and streets for pleasure riding and driving, and to whom good road surfaces are absolutely necessary. During the last few years there has been a constant increase in the attention and thought devoted to the question of roads both without and within cities, and the object of this article is to give briefly such information as to the history and present condition of the art of road-making as may be useful in this discussion.

ROMAN ROADS.

The much-quoted Roman roads were, in reality, far inferior to the best roads of modern Europe, and were much more costly. Hence they may be dismissed in a few words. They were stone pavements with a very thick concrete foundation; or, as described by another writer, they were "masonry walls laid on their sides." The most famous of them was the Appian Way, constructed about 313 B.C., from Rome to Capua, and subsequently extended to Brundusium (Brindisi). The foundation consisted of one or two courses of large flat stones laid in lime mortar; next came a layer of concrete made of one part of lime and three of broken stones, thoroughly mixed and consolidated by ramming; on this was spread a thin layer of mortar, in which the stones forming the top course were bedded. These stones were of basaltic lava about twelve to fourteen inches in width, with smooth upper surfaces but irregular sides, and when carefully jointed together they formed a large mosaic. The total thickness of the road was about three feet, and its width varied from twelve to twenty feet. On either side were raised footways, paved with stone, and at frequent intervals were stepping-stones for mounting horses. It was also marked by mile-stones indicating the distance from the forum at Rome.

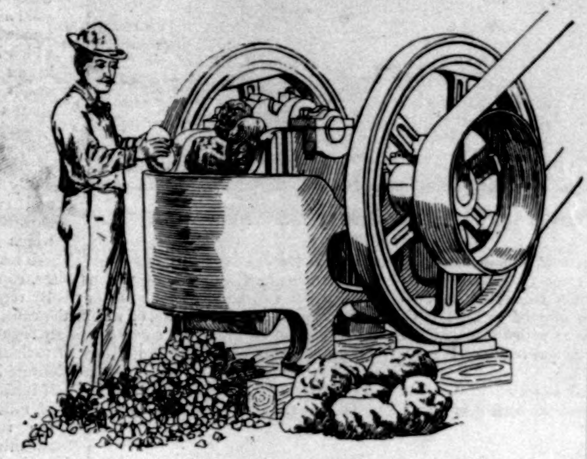


FIG. 3.

This road was certainly durable, as is proved by the fact that although it had to be rebuilt by Trajan, at the end of the first century A.D., parts of it are still in existence, 2200 years after it was first constructed; but it was deficient in the other qualities of a good road. Horace is authority for the statement that it was "less fatiguing to people who travel slowly."

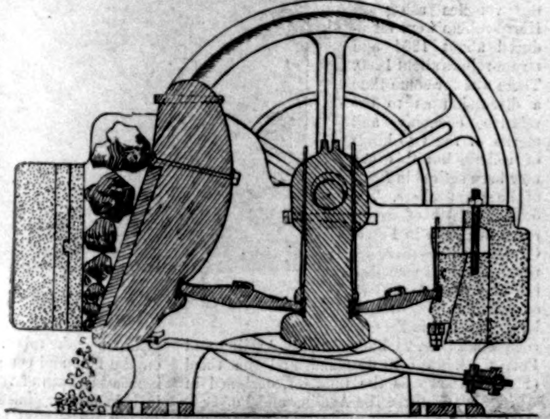


FIG. 3a.

Similar roads were built in Gaul, in Great Britain, during the Roman occupation, and in Thrace by the Emperor Trajan.

With the decline of Rome, road-making shared the fate of the other mechanical arts, and for the time was forgotten. Good roads were unknown again in Europe until the middle of the eighteenth century. They were revived almost simultaneously in France and England, and soon afterward in the other chief countries of Europe.

MACADAM ROADS.

Among English-speaking races the perfection of modern roads is generally attributed to two Englishmen, Macadam and Telford, who rebuilt nearly all the English roads in the early part of this century. Telford was a distinguished engineer, while Macadam prided himself on being nothing but a road-maker. It is also generally believed that to Macadam is due the principle of using small angular fragments of clean stone, which, under traffic, unite into a solid mass. The distinctive feature of Telford's roads was a layer of irregular stone, from six to eight inches in size, carefully placed on the ground as a foundation for the smaller stones, technically called the road metal. The chief object of this foundation was to afford good drainage, and prevent the metal from being pushed into the ground in places where it was soft; but Macadam always denied its utility or necessity, and engineers are still divided on this question. In regard to the size of the metal, Telford specified that the stones should be as nearly as possible uniform in size, the largest of which should pass, in its longest dimensions, through a ring two and a half inches in diameter. Macadam preferred the test of weight, and insisted that no stone should weigh more than six ounces — which is the weight of a cube of one and a half inches of hard, compact limestone. His overseers were provided with a small pair of scales and a six-ounce weight, in order to test the largest stones.

It is a fact, however, that the correct principles of modern road-building are not due to either Macadam or Telford, but to a French engineer, Trésaguet, who an-

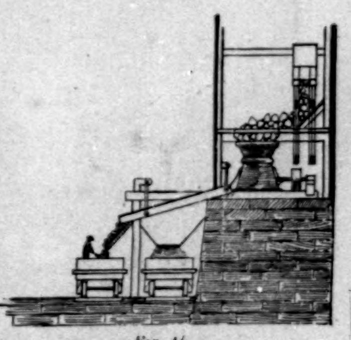


FIG. 4b.

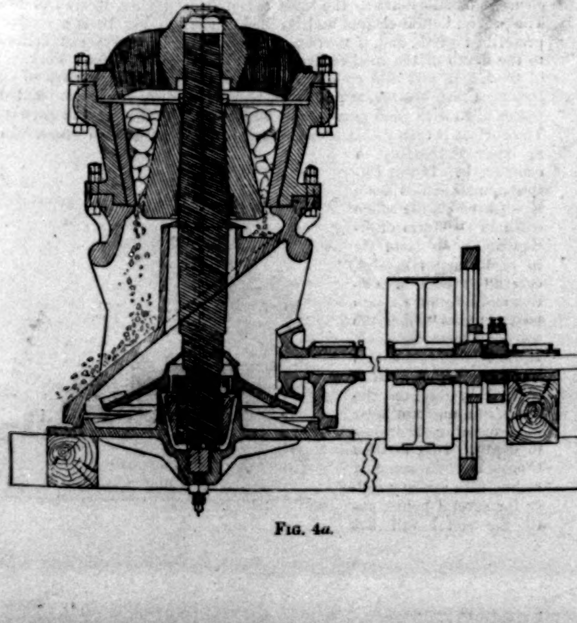


FIG. 4a.

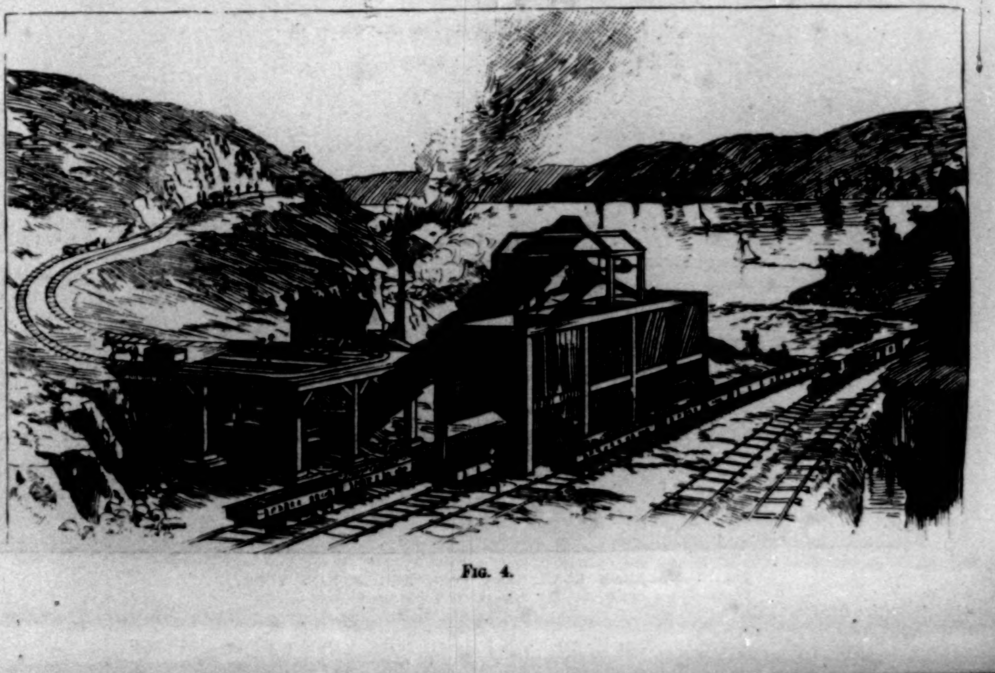


FIG. 4.

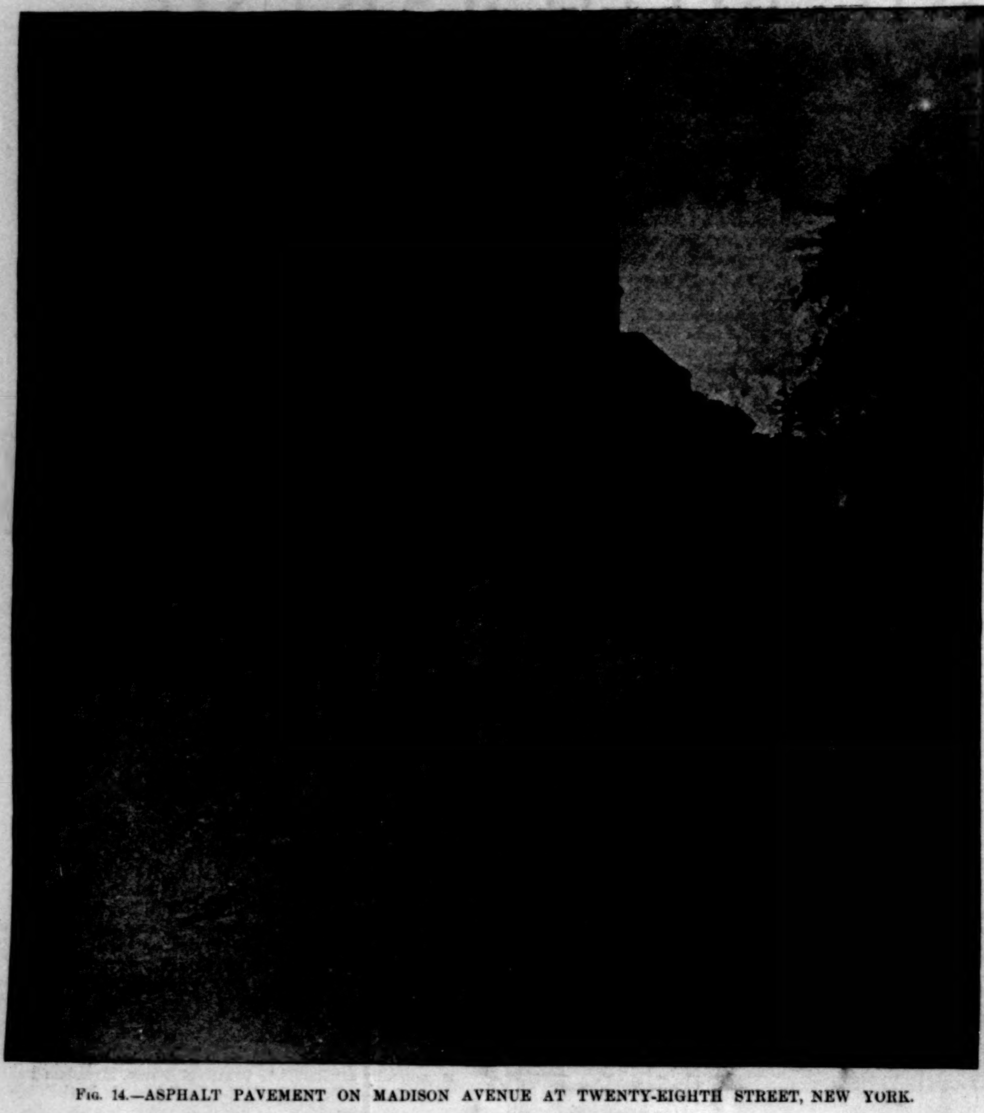


Fig. 14.—ASPHALT PAVEMENT ON MADISON AVENUE AT TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

ticipated them in every detail by about thirty years. In a memoir prepared in 1775 Trésaguet advocated the small angular fragments of broken stone of Macadam, and the rough paving foundation of Telford. He built the high-roads from Paris to Toulouse, and from Paris to the Spanish frontier. His views were adopted by all French engineers at the end of the last century, and it was in accordance with them that the Simplon and other great roads over the Alps, as well as the principal roads of France, were built under Napoleon.

The excellence of broken stone roads caused their universal adoption in the first half of this century, and in only two particulars have any improvements been made upon them to the present day. The first is in regard to the manner of breaking the stone. Macadam caused the stone to be broken by hand on the side of the road, the size and weight of the hammer being carefully specified. Now they are much more quickly and cheaply broken by machine. Two classes of stone-crushers have been devised for this purpose, shown in Figs. 3 and 3*a*, 4, 4*a*, and 4*b*. The first, usually known as the Blake, consists essentially of a strong iron frame, near one end of which is a movable jaw of iron. By means of a toggle-joint and an eccentric this jaw is moved back and forward a slight distance from the frame. As the jaw recedes, the opening increases and the stone descends; as it approaches the frame, the stone is crushed. The second class is known as the Gates, and consists of a solid mass of iron shaped somewhat like a bell, which is supported within an iron cone. By means of an eccentric shaft a rocking and rotary motion is given to the bell, so that each point of its surface is successively brought near to and removed from the surface of the cone, which causes the stone to descend and be crushed as before. These machines are driven by steam-engines and are of various sizes, capable of crushing from ten to two hundred tons per day. By regulating the width of opening between the jaws, or within the cone, the size to which the stone can be broken is correspondingly regulated; and by the use of revolving screens with openings of various sizes, the stones of different sizes can be separated and delivered in separate piles of one-half inch, one inch, two and one-half inches, etc.

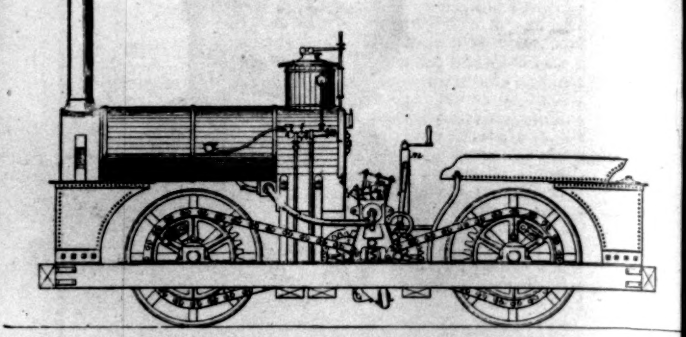


Fig. 6.

The other improvement is in the use of rollers to consolidate the road and give a smooth, uniform surface, instead of allowing this work to be slowly and painfully performed by the vehicles using it. Horse-rollers were introduced about 1834 and steam-rollers about 1860. There was for some time a discussion as to the relative economy and merits of the two kinds of rollers, but this has now been settled in favor of the steam-rollers. The ordinary form of horse-roller is shown in Fig. 5. Of steam-rollers there are three principal varieties, the first (Fig. 6), known as the Ballaison, or Gellerat, designed in France, the second (Fig. 7), known as the Aveling and Porter, designed in England, and the third (Fig. 8), known as the Lindelof, designed in America. Of these the Aveling and Porter is the best for macadam roads, and the Lindelof for rolling plastic pavements.

Macadam roads are now everywhere constructed on substantially the same principles. The ground is first cleared and levelled of the prescribed width, and, if necessary, excavated to the depth of the road-covering. All roots of trees, and soft and spongy spaces not affording a firm bearing, are removed and their places filled with good gravel or broken stone. The surface is then rolled with a heavy roller, in order thoroughly to compact it. If the Telford foundation is used, it is placed on the rolled earth in the form of irregular stones from six to eight inches in size, carefully placed in position and forming a rough pavement, on which the macadam metal is placed. If the Telford foundation is not used, the metal is placed directly on the earth, in a uniform layer not exceeding six inches in depth. This is then thoroughly compacted by rolling with a heavy roller for several hours, until the metal will not

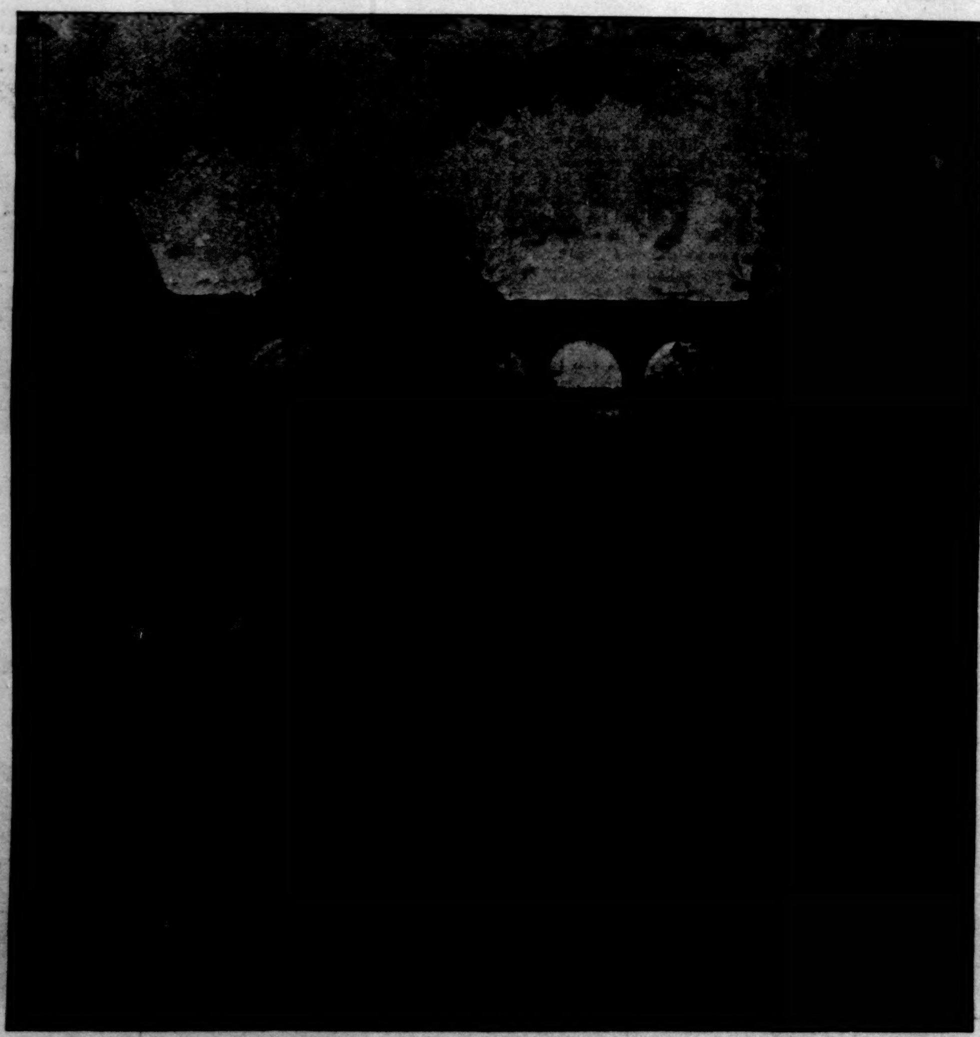
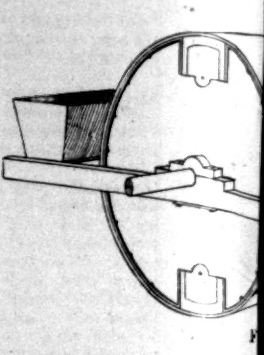


Fig. 16.—MACADAM ROAD NEAR HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK.



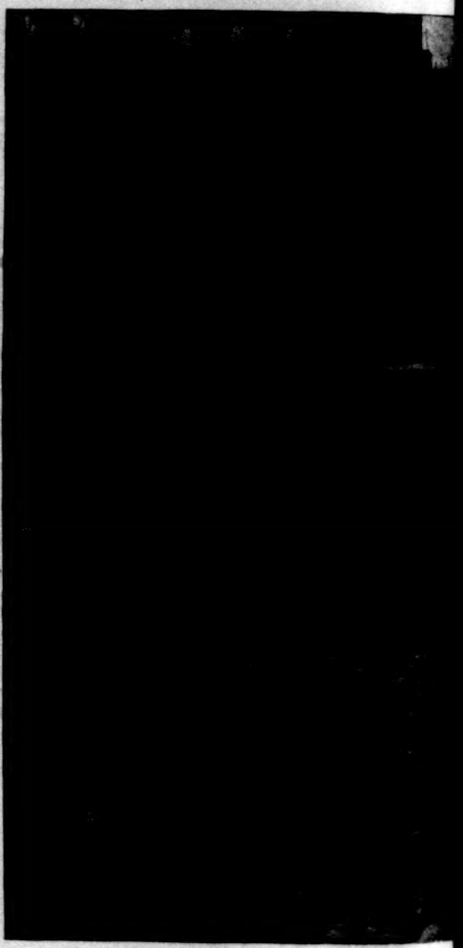


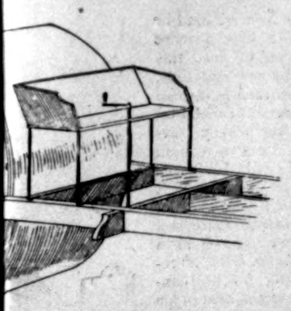
Fig. 19.—MADISON AVENUE, NEW

yield under the roller. Another layer of
on the first and compacted in the same
inches in depth of very fine broken sto
inch in largest dimensions, is spread on
rolling. The road is then ready for us
compactness of the road increased by th
with the rolling. In many cases the to
inches, instead of twelve to thirteen inc

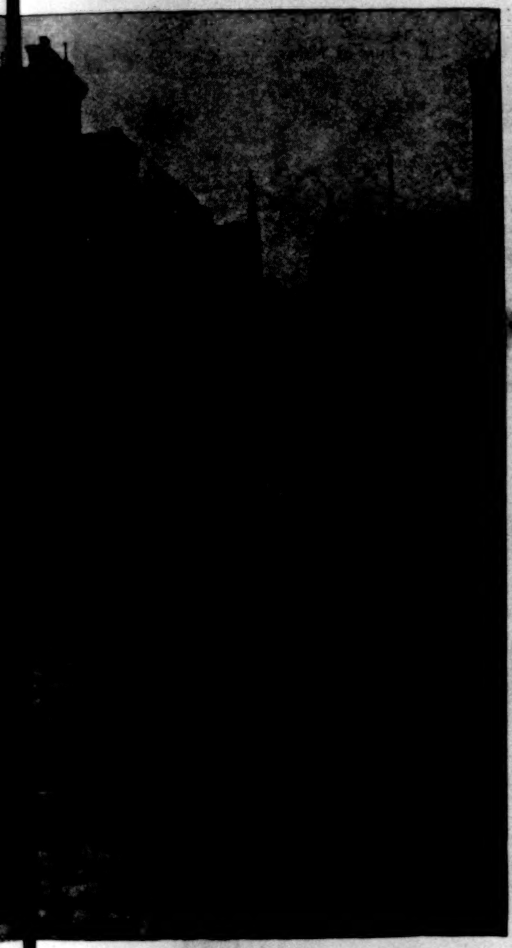
Fig. 10 is a section of the high-road o
is a section of Telford's Holyhead Road;
vard in New York.

For purposes of comparison Fig. 9 is
which was supplanted by the reforms of

The cost of such roads depends chiefly
of broken stone. In addition to this is



5.



W Y, AT EAST FORTY-FIFTH STREET.

r of en stone of the same depth is then placed
ame ner. . Finally a layer of from one to two
ston gravel, not exceeding three-fourths of an
l on surface, and this in turn is compacted by
or us The rolling is greatly facilitated and the
by th ghly sprinkling each layer in connection
he to thickness of the macadam is only eight
n inc as above described.
oad c aussée from Paris to Cherbourg. Fig. 11
oad; Fig. 12 is a section of the Western Boule-

9 is rted, showing the type of English roads
s of dam.
iefly two factors, the price of labor and the price
his is cost of culverts and bridges, which must

be provided for any road, whatever the road surface may be. The price of broken stone varies from 70 cents to $2 per ton, depending on the character of the stone and the distance which it has to be hauled. For a road 30 feet wide and 9 inches thick, about 5500 tons are required for each mile in length. The cost of the road surface alone is about $12,000 per mile. The cost of embankment, excavation, culverts, drains, stone gutters, etc., may carry the cost up to $70,000 per mile.

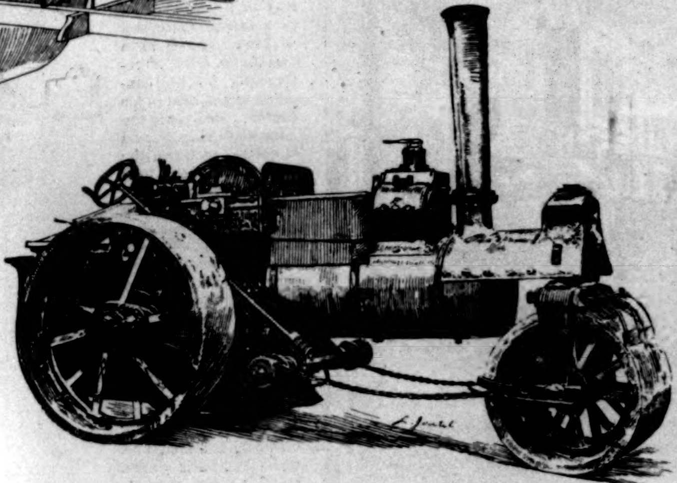
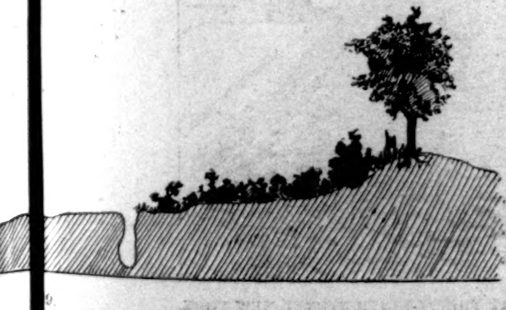


Fig. 7.

These figures might even be increased in the case of roads traversing a mountainous district, where expensive embankments, cuttings in rock and earth, retaining-walls, etc., would be necessary. The laying out of such roads calls for the same surveys and the same engineering skill as in the laying out of railways.

The shape or cross-section to be given to the road has been the subject of much discussion in the past. Roads which are much rounded in the centre shed the water very easily, but, on the other hand, they are very uncomfortable for vehicles. There has also been much dispute as to whether the cross shape of the road should be a curve, or should consist of two straight lines meeting at the centre. It is now generally conceded that the cross-section should be a curve, and that the height of the road should be about one-sixtieth of its width, *i. e.*, in roads 30 feet wide the centre should be 6 inches higher than the sides, in roads 40 feet wide it should be 8 inches, and so on in proportion to its width.

The great cost of macadam roads, and the comparative lack of necessity for them in consequence of the enormous development of railways, has prevented their construction to any great extent in America. The National Road, which was intended to form the great highway across the Alleghanies from the Potomac to the Ohio, was begun under authority of Congress about sixty years ago, but it had only progressed a short distance beyond Cumberland, Maryland, when its construction was abandoned, in consequence of the building of railways for the same purpose. Macadamized roads have therefore been confined to city or suburban streets, and to a few of the older States in the East. Even the turnpikes, or toll roads, originally built by corporations which made their profit by levying toll on each passing horse or vehicle, were macadamized only for a small portion of their width in the centre, leaving earth roads on each side. These latter were habitually used in summer, leaving the hard central portion, whose surface was seldom kept smooth, for use during the rains and mud of winter.



9.

With the exception of these few turnpike high-roads, American roads have been built of whatever material was nearest to hand. Frequently, if not generally, they were made by simply ploughing a ditch on each side and throwing the earth into a mound in the centre. An improvement on this was to spread a layer of bank gravel containing a large proportion of clay over the road; and on the New England coast, where a rocky soil and clean gravel or beach shingle were everywhere available, these materials were used, and formed a

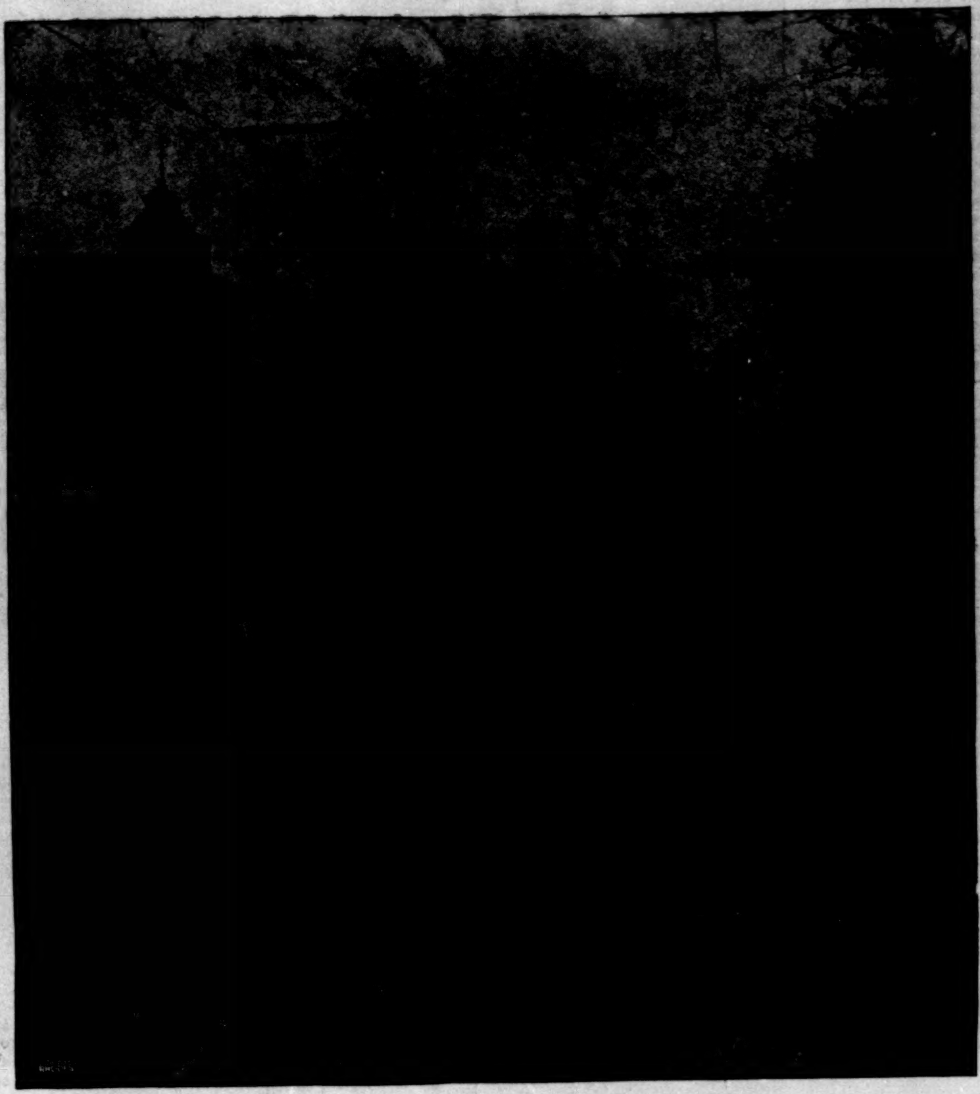


Fig. 18.—NEW YORK AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

comparatively hard and durable road surface. Through the swamps and clay soils of the South, where stone and gravel were not available, the corduroy road was much used. This consisted in felling trees, stripping the branches, and placing the trunks across the road; and it was probably the most inhuman device ever suggested as a means of communication. In central New York, and in some parts of the West, plank roads were at one time constructed, but their lack of durability caused this system to be soon abandoned.

MAINTENANCE.

The condition of a road depends not only upon the manner in which it is constructed,

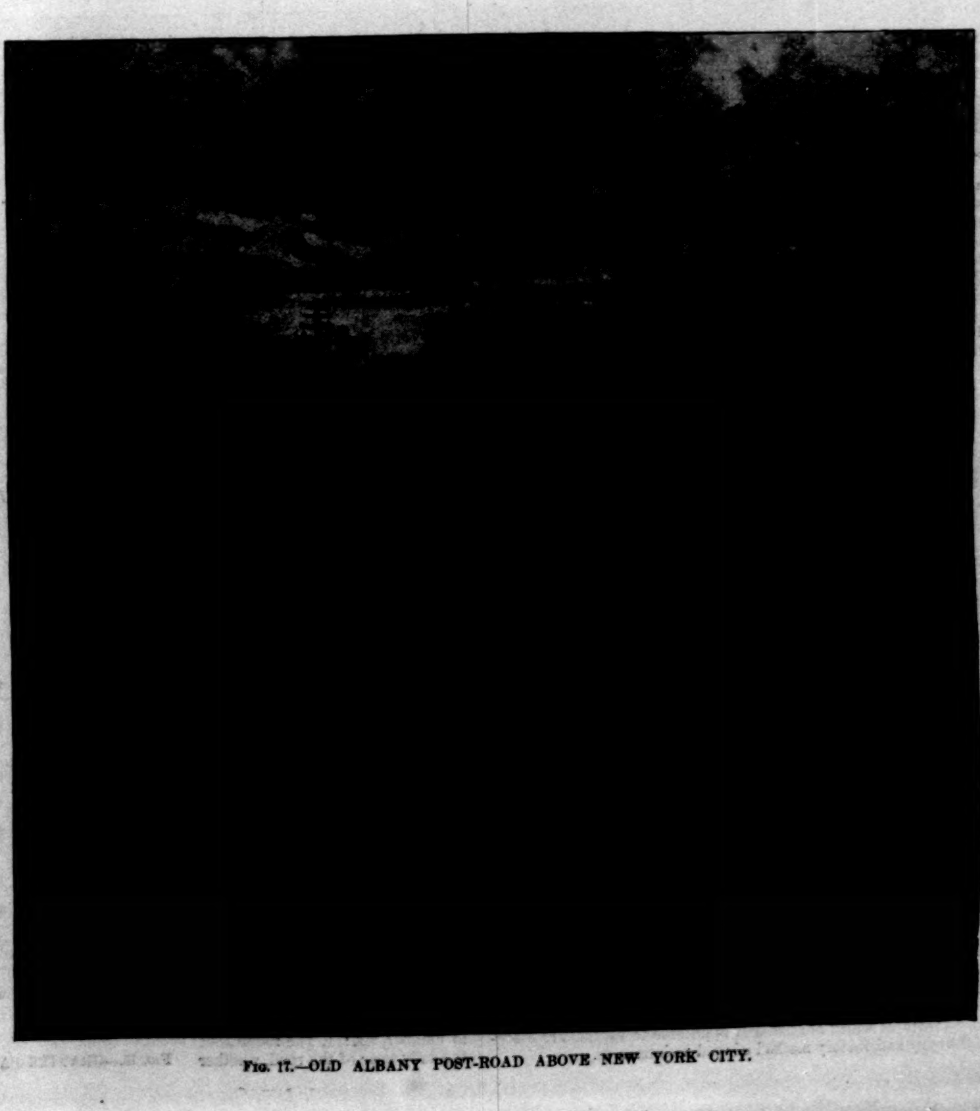


Fig. 17.—OLD ALBANY POST-ROAD ABOVE NEW YORK CITY.